

The New House of Commons: The Young Member and His Trials.


BY MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

3436



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SEVENTH SERIES {
VOLUME XLVII. }

No. 3436 May 14, 1910

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VOL. CCLXV. }

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

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A Prayer.—A Song of Sleep.

A PRAYER.

Lord, not for light in darkness do we
pray,
Not that the veil be lifted from our
eyes,
Nor that the slow ascension of our day
Be otherwise.

Not for a clearer vision of the things
Whereof the fashioning shall make us
great,
Nor for remission of the peril and
stings
Of time and fate.

Not for a fuller knowledge of the end
Whereto we travel, bruised yet un-
afraid,
Nor that the little healing that we lend
Shall be repaid.

Not these, O Lord. We would not
break the bars
Thy wisdom sets about us; we shall
climb
Unfettered to the secrets of the stars
In Thy good time.

We do not crave the high perception
swift
When to refrain were well, and when
fulfil,
Nor yet the understanding strong to
sift
The good from ill.

Not these, O Lord. For these Thou
hast revealed,
We know the golden season when to
reap
The heavy-fruited treasure of the field,
The hour to sleep.

Not these. We know the hemlock from
the rose,
The pure from stained, the noble from
the base,
The tranquil holy light of truth that
glows
On Pity's face.

We know the paths wherein our feet
should press,
Across our hearts are written Thy de-
crees,
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless
With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labor as we
know,
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged
with steel,
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge
Thou has lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bit-
ter need,
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed.

John Drinkwater.

The Spectator.

A SONG OF SLEEP.

Four angels stand about thy bed,
The first with wings of rosy red,
(*God's benison and peace to thee*)
The next has wings like snowy rays,
The third's glow like a chrysoprased,
The fourth has feathers all of gold;
In praying hands a heart they hold.

(*In manus tuas, Domine.*)
They hold their gifts in folded hands,
With watching eyes each angel
stands.

(*God's benison and peace to thee.*)
The floor beneath their naked feet
Is starred with flowers of fragrance
sweet,
And from their aureoles they shed
A gentle light about thy bed.

(*In manus tuas, Domine.*)

First Angel sings:

O rose-red heart of mystery!
The Heart of Love I give to thee.

Second Angel sings:

O crystal heart of purity!
The Heart of Truth I hold for thee.

Third Angel sings:

O dear green heart of phantasy!
The Heart of Dream I bring to thee.

Fourth Angel sings:

O golden heart of light divine!
The Heart of Joy this night is thine.

Four angels stand about thy bed,
(*God's benison and peace to thee*)
Child angels with their wings out-
spread,
Which meet above thy sleeping
head.

(*In manus tuas, Domine.*)

Alia Egerton.

The Thrush.

THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.**THE YOUNG MEMBER AND HIS TRIALS.**

Probably the first feeling awakened in the mind of the Young Member, on taking his seat in the House of Commons, is that of his own unimportance. This is all the more abrupt and disconcerting because he is fresh from an electoral contest that was full of excitement, and not wanting, perhaps, in dramatic incident, in which he—as was proved by his success at the polls—was the chief of its two central protagonists. All the glare and tumult of the fight seemed to have revolved around him. Who can blame him, then, for coming to St. Stephen's with swelling breast, certainly, and it may be his head also enlarged! But there he fills a very modest place indeed in the general scheme of things. Perhaps the first interview with the Whips of his Party somewhat revives his self-esteem and his faith in his future. But he soon discovers that he is only one of the rank-and-file. There is no place in the world where a man finds his level so quickly as in the House of Commons. But the Young Member does not wear a face lugubrious with disappointment. On the contrary, he carries about with him an atmosphere of cheerfulness and boyish high spirits. He explains to himself, no doubt, that he is of so small account as an individual because the assembly of which he is a member is so great.

Indeed, the great traditions of the place alternately exalt and oppress the Young Member. The air of the corridors, through which he pensively strolls, seems full of august memories. He thinks of the Parliamentarians of imperishable renown who have walked these lobbies at St. Stephen's. In his mind's eye he sees the younger Pitt, with the port-wine complexion, the brilliant eye, the tip-tilted nose, and

carriage stiff and unbending; slow-moving Edmund Burke, the pockets of his long coat stuffed with papers, looking discontentedly out of his large round spectacles; the more genial Fox, corpulent and unkempt, his blue coat and buff waistcoat stained by many a carouse; Canning, always irreproachably clean and steady; Castlereagh, with the face of an archangel, resolutely thinking out his scheme for crushing Napoleon; the dapper and aquiline-featured Wellington, and the bigger and more loosely built Peel, arm in arm,—the former humming and hawing reasons of sublime common sense in support of his great principle that the Queen's Government must be carried on, the latter pressing spasmodically his companion's arm as he ejaculates "Yes, yes"; the light and jaunty Palmerston, with his perpetual "Ha, ha," and the small jokes and puns that so irritated his more sober-minded colleagues; Lord John Russell, whose small and puny presence was the embodiment of the great Whig principle of civil and religious liberty; the gaunt and ungainly Brougham, in the check trousers, tweaking that big nose which imparted a redeeming touch of comicality to his severe and rugged face; the preoccupied Disraeli, unmistakably a great individuality, aloof and mysterious; Gladstone, eager and august, to whom all bow as with quick strides he hurries by.

So they all pass before the Young Member, the extraordinarily varied succession of statesmen—differing entirely in calibre and temperament, in gifts and activities—who have guided or influenced the destinies of the nation for a century. Perhaps, in time, his own ghost may join this throng of im-

mortal shades which haunt the corridors of the Palace of Westminster. He wonders whether it would not be well to adopt some peculiar mannerism, some characteristic gesture, or a fancy for some flower or style of collar—it matters not what personal idiosyncrasy provided it be distinctive—which would catch the eye and fix the attention of the caricaturist, to whom the best-known Parliamentarians, living or dead, owe much of their popularity and fame. At any rate, he sees the House of Commons bowing in deep respect before him, its greatest member, the dazzling prize of the Premiership in his possession, and all its spoils of office in his generous gift. One thing is certain,—he would put his immense powers to no mean uses. His every act, while enhancing his own glory, should tend to the good of the commonwealth.

It may be that the Young Member at first cannot enter the Chamber—the splendid theatre of his future glory—without a nervous shiver creeping coldly down his back. Undoubtedly Young Members are to be seen, early in their careers, pushing through the swing-doors under the clock with a stride and a dash bordering on arrogance. But that sort of self-assurance is rare. In the general case months elapse before the Young Member ventures to open his lips, however wishful he may be to join in the political disputations with the least possible delay. He usually tries his voice in the House by crying, "Hear, hear." It is not that he rises to his feet and in some solemn hush hurls his first "Hear, hear" at the ear of the unoffending House. The cry is uttered timorously during a speech by another member, and as part of a general chorus of approval. As his courage waxes he may go so far as to raise his voice alone in a cry of "No, no." How startled he is by his own audacity! He hangs his head, as if endeavoring to conceal him-

self. As times goes on, however, he becomes quite proud of the achievement. He looks boldly around the Chamber, as if to say, "Yes, I am the man; it was I that said, 'No, no.'" Arrived at that stage of self-assurance, the Young Member is certain to entertain his sweetheart with a thrilling account of the incident. "My dear," he says, "I am getting on famously in the House. I caused rather a sensation last night by shouting 'No, no' while the Prime Minister was speaking." "Never!" exclaims the enraptured sweetheart. Maybe his felicity is not quite complete. He looks carefully through the Parliamentary reports of all the London morning papers, only to be grievously disappointed on finding that that "No, no," like other good things, probably, was missed by the reporters.

The next ordeal to be faced by the Young Member is the asking of his first question. These inquiries of Ministers are printed on the programme of each evening's proceedings, called "The Orders of the Day," and numbered in succession; and all that a member has to do is to get up when his turn comes, and say he begs to ask the Home Secretary, or any other Minister who may be concerned, Question No. 2 or 22. Yet the Young Member, standing on his feet for the first time, even if it be only to address the Chair in these few stereotyped words, often finds that his voice falls on his ears tumultuously, like the roar and rush of a gale. Nevertheless, many a question is put to Ministers by the Young Member. But it is not on gaining information he is bent, so much as on calming the tumult of his feelings, for he knows that until he can hear his voice in the House without a madly throbbing heart it is useless for him to step down, in grim reality, into the arena of party conflict by the way of a maiden speech.

The Young Member with ambitions

must, therefore, quickly get control of his nerves. With all his ambition, all his eagerness to join in the party fray, a modest timidity in appearing before an audience so public, and so noted, too, for its fastidiousness, will probably weigh heavily upon him. But the longer he puts off speaking the more difficult will he find it to start. By all accounts, the maiden speech is a most trying ordeal. To begin with, the Young Member will find that having a speech prepared and being allowed to deliver it are two entirely different things. He has, in the first place, to catch the Speaker's eye. He may jump up half a dozen times of an evening—waving his hat or his bundle of notes to make himself the more conspicuous—without that wandering orb alighting upon him. Thus it is rudely brought home to the Young Member that there are in the House of Commons hundreds beside himself who are dreaming dreams of a portfolio and a seat on the Treasury Bench, and that in this arena of competition individual emulation and ambition have the freest and fiercest play. Then, when his chance comes, when at last the Speaker calls out his name in resonant tones, he may find that his first real appearance on the splendid stage of the House of Commons is not so memorable or so propitious as he had expected. As he rises to speak his heart will probably give one great jump, and then seem to cease beating. Certainly few of the members present will pay heed to the disconnected fragments of the eloquence he had so carefully prepared, to which, as they wander aimlessly through his mind, he gives jerky expression; and as he resumes his seat, not only disappointed with his speech, but properly ashamed of it, his magnificent hopes of political success may have given way to doubt and despondency. The Young Member, however, must never despair. Often and often has

the House of Commons had to listen to the weak and uncertain voice of the young and obscure member, destined to rise to a position of predominance and power, and to shake with the thunders of his eloquence the assembly in which his first speech was but a painful stammering forth of a few disjointed and unintelligible sentences.

Yet it is absolutely necessary for the Young Member, if he is ever to succeed in Parliament, again and again to go through the same severe and searching trial. It is idle for him to dream of gaining a position of weight and influence in the House if he be deficient in the power of speech. In an Assembly which is the arena of the struggle for supremacy between two parties of sharply divided political opinion there must be conflict of views, contention, persuasion—talk, talk, talk! Accordingly, to be able to speak well is the one accomplishment which advances its possessor rapidly to the front in Parliament, to notice, consideration and position. It is necessarily the sole test of ability in an Assembly where the great principle of "Government by discussion" is worked out.

But the mere tricks of oratory will not suffice. The House of Commons contemptuously disregards the man who strews "flowers of fancy" at its feet. One of the wisest sayings about Parliament, as a field of oratory, was said by Lord Byron, who, having delivered three speeches in the House of Lords, recognized he was no orator, and, therefore, unlikely to attain to any success in public life. "The impression Parliament made upon me," said he, "was that its members are not formidable as speakers, but very much so as an audience, because in so numerous a body there may be little eloquence (after all, there were but two thorough orators in all antiquity, and I suspect fewer still in modern times); but there must be a leaven of thought and good sense

sufficient to make them *know* what is right, though they can't express it nobly." The House of Commons has a wonderfully sure insight into character. It sees through the showy, but shallow person. The counterfeit in oratory has no keener detectors than the members who for their life could not speak coherently a quarter of a column. There must be force of character and honesty of purpose in a speaker if he desires to be a success in the House of Commons. It is the note of sincerity and truth that makes the words of the debater ring true and gives them weight and influence. Few things, therefore, require not only more constant practice, but more careful preparation, than Parliamentary speaking.

The influence of the Ladies' Gallery on Parliament has never been properly estimated. The closer attention which the more youthful representatives now give to their Parliamentary duties and their political ambitions is due largely to its influence. Its sway is to be noted also in another direction. Some sartorial authorities are not pleased with the dress of the leading members of Parliament—the great, wise, and eminent occupants of the two front benches—and it cannot be denied that, even to the untrained and casual eye, the clothes of these mighty personages sometimes appear commonplace and ill-fitting. However, on the back benches will be found many elegant young striplings who make unceasing and spotless efforts to relieve the dull monotony of male attire in the House of Commons. Indeed, some of them might fitly pose for gentlemen's fashion-plates, and nothing more laudatory than that could be said of a dandy. The dazzling sheen of their silk hats! the magnificence of their shirt-fronts! the gorgeousness of their fancy waistcoats! Surely these young bucks would take less trouble

The Pall Mall Magazine.

with their dress if the Ladies' Gallery and the Terrace were unknown.

The corridors of the House of Commons are not convenient for love-making or flirting. They are too brilliantly illuminated with electric lights. There are no dim or quiet corners, or nooks, in which lovers so much delight. Still, in the corridor of the Ladies' Gallery many a declaration of love must have been made. There may be ladies who discuss with members in this corridor the problems of "the Lords' Veto," "the Taxation of Land Values," and "Tariff Reform." But often words are whispered that will lead by-and-by to the ringing of wedding bells.

Love is really a great tonic in the struggle for Parliamentary ambition, as in all affairs of life. The Young Member in love is more certain than one whose heart remains his own cold possession to forge ahead to the Treasury Bench. One of the most successful members of the House has stated that when he was courting his wife he always brought her to the Ladies' Gallery on evenings when he proposed to speak, because her presence afforded him the most powerful incentive to do his best. Indeed, notes pass very frequently between the Ladies' Gallery and the floor of the House. A Young Member, after an effective speech, is handed a letter, and on reading it he looks up with a pleased smile to the Ladies' Gallery, where two bright eyes are gleaming through the grill. That is not an uncommon incident in the House of Commons. So it is not all hard work for the Young Member. The roses bloom at St. Stephen's as well as in the Vale of Cashmere; and the Young Member can pluck a nosegay for refreshment while he toils and schemes and struggles for a well-upholstered seat in an Office at Whitehall.

Michael Macdonagh.

SHAKESPEARE AS A TEACHER.

The thesis I wish to maintain in this paper, that Shakespeare has teaching to offer about human life which can most simply be described as spiritual, is one that may arouse objection from two opposite quarters. On the one hand, there are people who would say, "Shakespeare was a playwright, and, what is more, a play-actor; where is the sense of speaking about him as a teacher? Let us keep things in their proper places." On the other hand, it may be said, "Shakespeare was a dramatist, and the drama is an art; and art has nothing to do with religion, or even with morality; and Shakespeare was far too great an artist to care about teaching. He was content to hold up the mirror to nature." Let me, then, preface what I have to say by a few remarks on these opposing points of view.

First, what is the real ground of the Puritan horror of the drama? It would seem to be that drama depends for its existence upon the representation of passion, and the passions represented on a good many stages have, as a matter of fact, been immoral. There are plays of Beaumont and Fletcher which would justify the severest Puritan strictures: and the plays of the Restoration stage are now, for the most part, unreadable. The passion most easily delineated is the passion of love; and the temptation always is to make the situation striking by making it abnormal. Now, Shakespeare had no need to guard against this temptation, because the passion of love was not the only passion in which he took interest. If we recall what the plays are into which Shakespeare put his chief strength—*Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar* and *Coriolanus*, *King Lear*, and the English history plays—we recognize that they are plays that hardly deal

with love at all; and in no one of them is love the motive of the action. And when we remember what the motives of these plays are, how various they are, we shall recognize that they touch human life on a good many sides, and suggest reflections which would not be inappropriate in a book of moral essays or in the pulpit.

To pass for a moment to the other point of view, that which considers the Shakespearean plays as too artistic to have any concern with spiritual interests, everybody agrees that the function of the poetic art is not to teach, but to interest and charm. The lyric poet, who sets out to express some human trait or emotion, is satisfied if he has succeeded in giving to it a delightful form. We judge his poem solely by æsthetic standards, and call it a bad or a good poem quite apart from its relation to morality. At the same time, when we find all the Elizabethan critics defending poetry because of its didactic influence, we must think that they meant something; and what they meant we can discover by taking up any good collection of lyrics, such as the *Golden Treasury*, and noticing how many of them we should say "did one good." They give a beautiful and satisfying expression to the best human feelings and sentiments, and, by the delight they give us, kindle, it may be, the same feelings in our own hearts. But if lyrical poetry has this influence upon us, which is really a spiritual influence, must we not anticipate a still greater influence from the serious drama, which is altogether concerned with human character? Probably dramatists themselves would allow this. I seem to remember that, in the recent debates about the Censorship, a great point was made that modern dramatists are the real instructors of

the people in modern morality, and so must not be interfered with in the performance of their high function.

But this possible side-wind of moral influence being granted to a dramatic poet, it may be objected that Shakespeare was not the sort of man to have any serious ideas of life to communicate. There have been two studies of Shakespeare's temperament and character published within the last few months, both of which put him out of court as a moralist. The first is the brilliantly written sketch in M. Jusserand's *Literary History of the English People*. To M. Jusserand, Shakespeare presents himself as a very ordinary person, who happened to be endowed with a poet's temperament. Being a poet, he was impressionable, and took the color of his surroundings. He lived at Stratford the respectable bourgeois life of Stratford people, aiming at comfort and a competence; in London he lived the loose life of the artistic circle, "free in his manners and his morals." What character this impressionable person was possessed of is best described by negatives; he was neither quarrelsome, nor envious, nor vain. As a writer he has one rule, and one rule only—to please the public; and that public was not the handful of cultivated lords and gallants on the stage, but the crowd swarming in pit and gallery. Nothing is further from the dramatist's mind than any idea of raising this public or instructing it. But he is born a poet, and at his birth the gods endowed him with two wonderful gifts: one a life-giving faculty, so that no matter what plot he takes—and he takes anything that has already found favor with the multitude—under his hands the puppets come to life; the other, a lyrical faculty so exquisite that the commonplace upon life which he borrows in every direction come home to our hearts by virtue of the marvellous music to

which he sets them and the "personal timbre of his voice."

It is an engaging theory. Later on M. Jusserand supplements it by allowing to the poet certain "shrewd traits of observation." But I would suggest that to allow observation is not to supplement his theory but to destroy it. The observation of character is an intellectual process; and what is that "life-giving power," of which M. Jusserand speaks so easily, but the faculty of observing human character, and representing it in action, according to its proper motives. Nor is it true that Shakespeare simply took the plots of the day and trimmed them up as a musician takes a familiar air and elaborates it with an orchestral score. Always he added new characters, and the new characters are often those which are the most living, Falstaff, for example, or Malvolio; often he reshaped the plot, altering its most characteristic features, as in *Measure for Measure*; even when he kept closest to his theme in point of incidents, he made the most subtle and the most complete changes in their value as exhibitions of character. The play of *Hamlet*, it is now recognized, is a new version of a lost play by Kyd, author of the *Spanish Tragedy*, and from an examination of the *Spanish Tragedy* and the un-Shakespearean portions of the first quarto of *Hamlet*,¹ it is quite certain that the visitation of the ghost, the play to catch the King's conscience, the death of Polonius, the madness and death of Ophelia, and the insurrection and treachery of Laertes, were all in the play on which Shakespeare worked. Nevertheless, it is pretty certain that Kyd's play, to us who know Shakespeare's would be the play of *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet left out; for there is no evidence that in Kyd's play, any more than in the old story

¹ See especially the parallels adduced by Mr. Boas in his edition of Kyd.

on which it was founded, the hero did not execute his revenge at the earliest possible moment.³ Perhaps the most striking exhibition of Hamlet's malady in Shakespeare's tragedy comes in the scene where, immediately after he has convicted the King of his father's murder by means of the play, he finds him at prayers, and excuses himself from despatching him on the spot by the plea that to do so then would send him to heaven.

He took my father grossly, full of
bread;

With all his crimes broad blown, as
flush as May;

. . . And am I then revenged
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and seasoned for his
passage? No.

Up, sword; and know thou a more hor-
rid hent.

That scene certainly occurred in the old play, because the King's speech in the 1603 quarto is not Shakespearean, and the motives assigned in Hamlet's speech, which Shakespeare has rewritten, are conceived in the precise vein of the Ghost's epilogue in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, so that we can infer that Kyd's Hamlet meant what he said. Shakespeare, therefore, by scarcely a touch, has converted a piece of Italianate subtlety in revenge into a far more subtle study of will-paralysis. And yet M. Jusserand can compare Shakespeare's genius, which is capable of intellectual work of this character, to "a creeping-plant with exquisite flowers" which must cling to something, and is quite indifferent to the quality of what it twists its tendrils round.

We may, then, put M. Jusserand's view of Shakespeare on one side. The other critic whom I have chosen as *advocatus diaboli* is Mr. Frank Harris, who has published a book called *The*

³ In the 1603 quarto he secures the Queen's co-operation in the most businesslike way, which the Hamlet we know makes no attempt to do.

Man Shakespeare and His Tragic Life Story. His indictment is not so much against Shakespeare's intellect as against his character; though he also strongly objects to the popular theory that Shakespeare was a "myriad-minded man," capable of representing every type of human nature. One of his main theses is that the only live characters in the plays are those in which Shakespeare has drawn his own personality; all the rest are failures, unless Shakespeare has copied them from a book or from real life. As Falstaff does not come from a book, and is not like Mr. Harris's idea of Shakespeare, and is certainly a "live" character, we are told, without a tittle of evidence, that he was probably a portrait of Chettle, the dramatist. The list of characters supposed to be copied from the dramatist himself is rather a long one: Biron in *Love's Labor's Lost*, Romeo, Macbeth, Hamlet, Brutus, Prince Arthur, Richard the Second, Duke Orsino in *Twelfth Night*, Antonio in the *Merchant of Venice*, Jaques in *As You Like It*. These, according to Mr. Harris, are all gentle, melancholy souls; generous but weak; who think and soliloquize, but are of no practical use in the real, work-a-day world. They are, we may say, like the Shelley of Matthew Arnold's celebrated description: "Beautiful and ineffectual angels, beating in the void their luminous wings in vain." Such was the real Shakespeare. Mr. Harris's second thesis is that this sentimental melancholy of Shakespeare was the result of a sensual temperament, which, in the form of neurasthenia, by degrees ruined his life. I must say a few words about each of these propositions. And first about the astounding statement that these melancholy gentlemen are the only well-drawn characters in the plays in which they occur; and therefore are portraits of the dramatist himself. What is An-

tonio in the *Merchant of Venice* by the side of Shylock? Antonio's passive part in the play is so difficult that Shakespeare has only succeeded in making him interesting by giving him this melancholy dignity. The melancholy comes from the old story, where it has a motive; Shakespeare rejects the motive, but retains the melancholy as a presage of coming misfortune. Orsino's rôle in *Twelfth Night* is that of a sentimentalist who fancies himself in love; and so he is made sentimental to fit his rôle. Jaques in *As You Like It* is a sentimentalist of a more reflective type; but so far from Shakespeare showing him any partiality, he lets the more healthy characters in the play snub him in turn. And is Jaques a more life-like figure than Touchstone? or must we say that the life-likeness of Touchstone is to be explained by the fact that he is a portrait of Marlowe or Kyd? The only serious point in Mr. Harris's argument is the similarity between Brutus and Hamlet: and the reason is to be found in the fact that the plays belong to the same date. But I deny that the similarity, even between these characters, is in temperament: what similarity there is lies in the fact that in each case the stimulus to action comes from outside. In temperament Hamlet is melancholy and imaginative; Brutus is not melancholy nor averse to action; and he has no more imagination (to use Shelley's metaphor) than a pint pot; he is an abstract political philosopher. If, then, we are to look for a portrait of Shakespeare in a greatest common measure of these characters, we shall have to be content with something very shadowy indeed. And, of course, a sentimental, melancholy Shakespeare is wholly against tradition. I pointed out just now that M. Jusserand, after reducing Shakespeare's genius to a mere lyrical glorification of other people's inventions, tried to save the phenomena by allowing him

"observation"; in the same way Mr. Harris, after drawing Shakespeare's portrait as a sentimental sensualist, tries to save the phenomena by allowing him "humor." He was a person of narrow sympathies, but with humor; he was an aristocrat in temperament, of delicate sensibility—Mr. Harris calls him in plain terms "a snob"—who yet fell in love with Dogberry and Bottom and Quickly and Tearsheet. "Strip him of his humor," says Mr. Harris, "and he would have been seen long ago in his true proportions." But is not this, after all, playing with words? Is humor so untemperamental a thing that it can be abstracted to find the true man? Is the broad humor that drew the portrait, let us say, of Sir Toby Belch really compatible with neurasthenia?

But I pass on to what, for my present purpose—which is to present Shakespeare as a teacher—is the more serious indictment, that Shakespeare ruined himself, body and soul, by sensuality. Mr. Harris affects to trace the poet's decline and fall through the great tragedies; but considering that these tragedies, in all qualities of poetic force, rise in an ascending scale from *Julius Caesar* to *King Lear* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, that part of his case cannot be taken seriously. The one grain of possible fact behind his theory is found in an incident of the *Sonnets*, and it will not be difficult to show that there is no ground whatever for carrying on that story into the period of the tragedies.

In the view of some critics of note, the whole story of the *Sonnets* is literary make-believe. I cannot myself take that view. I should accept them as evidence that at an early period in his career Shakespeare found himself in the toils of a woman, whom he did not respect, but who fascinated him. Who she was, if she really existed, cannot be known. There is not a scrap of

evidence for the theory, which Mr. Harris adopts, that she was Queen Elizabeth's maid of honor, Mary Fitton. The *Sonnets* fall into two parts, a series of 126 addressed to a youthful friend of great personal beauty, and an appendix of twenty-four, which do not form a series, addressed to a lady, who is described as dark and not beautiful. Early in the first series (33-43) the poet charges his friend with making love to this "dark lady," or, rather, with being made love to by her, and, on confession of his fault, he is forgiven. Six out of the twenty-four *Sonnets* to the lady are occupied with this same theme; and it is a reasonable inference that the whole of the twenty-four belong to the same date. This inference is confirmed by the fact that when two of these twenty-four got into print, in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, one of them has reference to this intrigue, while the other has not. Moreover, they are all written in the same style, whereas the style of the *Sonnets* in the main series changes considerably as it advances: some plainly belonging to the *Hamlet* period, others to the period of *Troilus and Cressida*. The latest possible date, therefore, for the *Sonnets* to the lady is the date of the *Passionate Pilgrim*, which is 1599. A year before that a critic had referred to Shakespeare's "Sonnets among his private friends"; and for reasons of style I should put them a year earlier still, i.e. in 1597.³ Now, the period of the great tragedies is from 1601 to 1608; so that what Mr. Harris has done is to extend, on no evidence at all, through a whole decade, in

order to support an outrageous theory of the poet's "tragic life-story," a *liaison* which, supposing it to have existed at all (a point undetermined, though I think it probable), may, from all the evidence we possess, have lasted only a few months. It is difficult to find terms strong enough to express one's opinion of the baseness of the attempt.

To M. Jusserand also the *Sonnets* afford a proof that his Bohemian Shakespeare, whom he calls "Will of London" to distinguish him from "Master Shakespeare of Stratford," cared for little but the life of the senses. He sees in them an attraction to merely physical beauty, carried to the point where it becomes morbid. A view like that makes one almost despair of criticism. For the very meaning of the *Sonnets* is that they trace the growth of the poet's affection, from the first attraction to youthful grace and distinction, through wrong and forgiveness, and jealousy, and disappointment and separation, to a firm friendship, which, because it had become independent of what was merely outward, was set beyond the risks of time and change. This is the note on which the *Sonnets* conclude:

Let me not to the marriage of true minds

Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is a never-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;

It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

³ For the general argument from style see my edition of the "Sonnets" (Ginn) and a paper in the tenth volume of the "Shakespeare Head" edition of the plays. A comparison of the 127th sonnet with "Love's Labor's Lost," revised in 1597, would be more instructive if we knew whether the Rosaline of Shakespeare's earlier draft of the play was dark in complexion. Assuming that she was not, we may grant to Mr. Harris that Shakespeare introduced in the revision some traits of personal appearance (iv. 2, 247-274) from the "dark lady" of the *Sonnets*. Nor can we deny that the rude characterization in iii. 1, 200,

though it is in Biron's mouth merely a reading of Rosaline's bold manner—a misreading as it turns out—dictated by irritation with himself, may have had a private meaning to the dramatist. But how very dangerous is Mr. Harris's method of finding imaginary biography in drama may be seen from Rosaline's last speech (v. 2, 851-879), which, though it is one of the passages which we know certainly to have been added to the play in 1597, the year of the *Sonnets* to the "dark lady," could not, even by Mr. Harris's imagination, be credited to that "worse spirit."

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips
and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass
come;
Love alters not with his brief hours
and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of
doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

I contend, therefore, that all the evidence that Shakespeare was a person either uninterested in ideals of life, or of vicious character, so as to be incapable of spiritual teaching, entirely breaks down—and I proceed to ask whether, as matter of fact, he was a teacher or not?

The answer to this question will turn chiefly upon the general meaning to be assigned to the tragedies, which are evidently the poet's most serious compositions. How can we ascertain what Shakespeare means by the tragic catastrophe? Is it an indictment of the world, or an attempt to teach the lesson of the world?

We may begin by considering what tragedy meant to Shakespeare's contemporaries. There were two chief types of tragedy in the popular Elizabethan drama. Some, and those the most popular plays of all, dealt with what newspapers still speak of as "domestic tragedies"; that is to say, they were murder cases, dramatized from the deed to the conviction with whatever degree of dramatic power their authors possessed. Such were *Arden of Feversham* and *The Yorkshire Tragedy*. It is to this sort of tragedy that Hamlet refers when he says:

I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions.

Of quite another sort were the tragedies which described the fall of some

noble person from his pride of place; Thomas More or Thomas Cromwell; Lady Jane Grey or Perkin Warbeck. Tragedies of this latter type were the legitimate heirs of the Aristotelian tradition, in the shape in which it had come down through the Middle Ages. It is exemplified by Chaucer's *Monk*, who relates the "tragedies" of Alexander, Cræsus, Nero, and many others. Now, it is evident that these two conceptions of tragedy are poles apart; for the fundamental idea of the one is "God's revenge against murder," which is an optimistic idea; while that of the other is the omnipotence of fortune, which is pessimistic. And the ultimate question to be determined about Shakespeare's tragedies is whether they are optimistic or pessimistic. The thesis of this paper is that they are optimistic, although they belong to the second of these two types. For Shakespeare did not have to choose between these two conceptions of tragedy in this crude shape. Marlowe came first and prepared the way by throwing the weight of his extraordinary genius into the scale of the Aristotelian tradition, which regarded tragedy as concerned with the fortunes of a person in some sense great and heroic. But Marlowe did more than this. He came a point nearer the real Aristotelian conception of tragedy when, in his greatest drama, *The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*, he placed the cause of the catastrophe, not in the mere inconstancy of fortune, nor in any righteous retribution meted out to a splendid criminal, but in some fault of an heroic character, who, for the most part, attracts our sympathy and whose fall we commiserate.

A perfect tragedy [said Aristotle] should represent actions which excite pity and fear; it follows plainly that the change of fortune presented must not be the spectacle of a perfectly good man brought from prosperity to adver-

sity, for this moves neither pity nor fear; it simply shocks us. Nor, again, should the downfall of the utter villain be exhibited. A plot of this kind would doubtless satisfy the moral sense, but it would inspire neither pity nor fear: for pity is aroused by unmerited misfortune, fear by the misfortune of a man like ourselves. There remains the character between these two extremes—that of a man who is not eminently good or just, yet whose misfortune is brought about, not by vice or depravity, but by some error or frailty. He must be one who is highly renowned and prosperous.⁴

It is my private belief—which cannot, of course, be proved any more than it can be disproved—that Shakespeare had come across this dictum in some translation of Aristotle. Aristotle's *Poetics* is referred to with respect in contemporary criticism from Sidney's *Defence of Poesy* to Jonson's *Discoveries*, though this particular passage, so far as I have seen, is never quoted; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that when Shakespeare set to work upon his tragedies he should have cared to know what the greatest of ancient critics had said about his art. If so, it would be characteristic that while other tragedians, like Ben Jonson and Webster, laid stress upon parts of ancient theory which were of quite inferior importance, as we may read in the Prefaces,⁵ Shakespeare alone saw the primary idea and acted upon it. Ben Jonson takes for the heroes of his tragedies such scoundrels as Catiline and Sejanus, who excite, as Aristotle would say, neither pity for their fates nor fear for ourselves. Webster's tragedies are

⁴ Aristotle's "Poetics," translated by Professor Butcher, p. 41.

⁵ In the prefatory letter to "Sejanus," Jonson pleads that although he has neglected "the strict laws of time" and has no "proper chorus," yet in truth of argument, dignity of persons, gravity and height of elocution, and fulness and frequency of sentence" he has discharged the offices of a tragic writer. Webster, in the preface to "The White Devil," enumerates among critical laws "height of stile, gravity of persons, the sententious chorus, and the passionate and weighty Nuntius."

only dramatized stories of intrigue, with no strong character interest at all. Shakespeare alone, in his long catalogue of tragic heroes, from Brutus to Antony, preserves the ideal type; namely, a man in high position, illustrious, and of noble nature, whose life and happiness are wrecked through some intellectual error or moral frailty. That being so, the main interest of Shakespeare's tragedies turns upon the character of the hero, as exhibited in the circumstances of the action; in other words, it is an ethical interest.

This ethical quality in Shakespeare's tragedies, and consequently the optimistic character of his view of life, is sometimes denied, chiefly, as it seems to me, because critics do not always recognize that tragedy is a work of art, with certain conventions. That brilliant critic, Professor Raleigh, for example, says of Hamlet and Othello, "they are presented with a choice, and the essence of the tragedy is, that choice is impossible."⁶ From which he draws a conclusion that Shakespearean tragedy is non-ethical, and that the only lesson it can teach is that we live in a world liable to earthquake, with no really solid ground beneath our feet. But it is the very postulate of tragedy, as a work of art, that impossible tasks should be laid upon its heroes, else there could be no tragedy. The tragic task is precisely calculated to the hero's defect, whatever it is. Its essence is that it should be a test. Othello's test would have been no test to Brutus, and Macbeth's none to Hamlet. The tragedian expressly contrives or adapts a situation, which in real life would probably never occur, in order that the hero may display all his heroism, and with it his characteristic weakness as well. That is to say, the test must in every case be too severe for the hero. To admit this is not to reduce tragedy, as

⁶ "Shakespeare" (Men of Letters series), p. 197.

Mr. Raleigh suggests, to the level of "a fable" with its "moral": a "fable" is a work of art of one sort and a tragedy of another; but the important fact to bear in mind is that tragedy is a work of art, built upon certain conventions, and not a mere transcript from real life of a terrible or horrible story, which is put forward by the dramatist as typical of the world. It would be as legitimate to argue from the Comedies that Shakespeare regarded the real world as a Forest of Arden. Again, the ethical presupposition of tragedy is sometimes denied, because those who assert it are supposed to mean that the tragic hero "deserves" his fate. Such an assertion would be absurd: indeed it would be unmeaning. Even in criminal law the awards of justice are more or less conventional; only in comic opera does "the punishment fit the crime." The offence of a pickpocket cannot be transvalued into a certain period of hard labor. And the punishment of death is largely symbolical. In a tragedy the death of the hero must be taken as a pure symbol; it means that, despite all his virtues, he has failed to meet the particular situation proposed to him by the dramatist.⁷ The whole impression of his action in the drama will be very much larger and more complex than is conveyed by the fact of his death at the close; but that death does symbolize failure, and to that extent tragedy does deliver an ethical verdict.

Consider, for a moment, the alternative view of tragedy as it is presented, for example, by M. Jusserand. To him Shakespeare's tragedies imply a pessimistic interpretation of the world. The fate that overtakes Hamlet or any other of the tragic heroes is an undeserved piece of ill-fortune, proving un-

mistakably that life is a tale of no significance. "The world is out of joint; its glory, its beauty, its justice are so many idle fancies." Shakespeare's tragedies, therefore, form a repeated indictment of "the evil genius who conducts human affairs." How can we decide between these two interpretations of Shakespeare's meaning? I would venture to suggest that appeal should be made to the tragedy of *Julius Caesar*. This was Shakespeare's first great tragedy in order of time; and therefore it is fair to argue that it sets the type. It is a tragedy constructed obviously with great care, and on a plan; and that being so it will be interesting to see whether the tragic purpose is correspondingly self-evident. The question to be determined is whether we can trace any disillusionment with life in *Julius Caesar* on the part of the dramatist; or fairly interpret that tragedy as an indictment of "the evil genius who conducts human affairs"; in other words, whether we can criticize the defeat and death of Brutus, who is the acknowledged hero of the tragedy, as the meaningless grudge of a capricious fate. In answering the question we had better take our estimate of Brutus from M. Jusserand himself. He sees in him the vacillations of a conscientious thinker: "In the very midst of crises he stops to meditate, consider, generalize." After Caesar's death he takes time to think of the tragedies that will be written on that event. M. Jusserand notes also that all this meditation on Brutus's part is "frightful and useless trouble, because the problem is all solved beforehand for him by Cassius": a thing which he does not suspect. M. Jusserand sees that Cassius gets up the conspiracy against Caesar out of sheer envy. In fact, Cassius acknowledges in the play that he tempts Brutus to join the conspiracy for the sake of the moral prestige he would lend to it;

⁷ Of course, this view of death as the symbol of failure applies only to the hero of the tragedy, and not to the deaths that, immediately or ultimately, are traceable to his action, such as those of Julius Caesar, Cordelia, Desdemona, and Polonius.

and Brutus falls into the trap, being a bookish politician out of touch with the real state of affairs, and also not a little vain of being descended from Brutus the regicide. In the event, his moral supremacy justifies to the people the death of Caesar for the moment, as Cassius had foreseen it would; but at once it proceeds to ruin the cause of the conspirators, as Cassius had not foreseen, because it insisted upon identifying the imperial cause with the person of Caesar, and refused to remove Antony also. To say, then, that the death of so noble a character as Brutus is an indictment of the moral order would be grotesque, when the dramatist shows us, in scene after scene, that the catastrophe really arises, not from the hero's nobility by itself, but from what Aristotle calls his "fault": in his case—an abstract system of politics and want of insight into the needs of the time and the true characters of men. The fact, then, that *Julius Caesar* is the first of the great tragedies, and is so careful in construction and obvious in its "moral," justifies us in taking it as the general type on which the rest of the tragedies are built; and this is quite unmistakably the Aristotelian or ethical type.

How, then, may we sum up the general teaching of the Shakespearean tragedies? First, and most important, is the stress laid upon the immense issues for good and evil involved in human character. All through the plays, the comedies and histories as well as the tragedies, it is the study of character which mainly interests us. If we try to put into words our impression of almost any Shakespearean character, we find ourselves using terms of moral praise and blame. This is true even of Falstaff. Resent, as we may, Henry's priggish treatment of him, and laugh, as we do, not only at his inexhaustible wit, but at his philosophy of life, we are not insensible to his deficiencies as

a man and a citizen; for example, to the want of patriotism which enlisted the unlikeliest men for his Gloucestershire levies. We laugh, and as we laugh we judge; for laughter is the proper judgment of Comedy. But in Tragedy we are concerned with character in great men, and in circumstances where it displays itself in fatal issues; and so laughter changes to pity and fear.

In the second place, we may gather something from the tragedies as to Shakespeare's general view of the world. Our first impression may be not unlike the view expressed by Professor Huxley in his famous allegory of the two chess-players: man and the concealed power behind the world. We act in a world governed by laws absolutely just and rigorous. We speak and act, and the word or deed at once ceases to be in our control, and takes its place in a system of forces independent of us, where it may work anything but our real will. But this first view must be modified by the further consideration that the system of things is shown to be not morally indifferent, but on the side of good against evil. If we are right in saying that it is some fault in the hero which lands him in disaster, is not the conclusion inevitable that in the dramatist's view the controlling destiny is a power that makes for righteousness and wisdom? Can we seriously urge that Shakespeare intended us to infer that the powers behind the world are on the side of Gonerril and Regan and Iago, notwithstanding the loathing which he makes them inspire in us; can we even say that those powers are represented as absolutely indifferent? As the latter view has been credited to Shakespeare by Mr. Swinburne,* something more must be said about it. To Mr. Swinburne the teaching of *King Lear* is merely "dark and hard fatalism." He finds the key-

* "Study of Shakespeare," p. 171.

note of the play in these words of Gloucester:

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods:
They kill us for their sport.

One can only ask whether that is really the way in which the unprejudiced reader interprets the symbolism of the various dreadful deaths. When Goneril slays Regan, do we not rather say, "How incapable are the powers of evil of mutual cohesion!" And when Edgar slays Edmund, just as when Richmond slays Richard the Third, or Macduff Macbeth, do we not say, "The duel must have ended so; conscience unnerved the wicked"? But there remains the death of Cordelia; is not that merely "wanton," for Cordelia is not the heroine of the play, and so necessarily involved in catastrophe like Lear? The problem has exercised many critics; and Dr. Johnson did not scruple to impute to Shakespeare his own unhappy view of life in thus making "the virtuous miscarry"; I can only say that the death of Cordelia does not strike me as in any real sense "pessimistic." It is a reassertion, at the last moment, of a fact which we were in danger of forgetting—that all the forces of anarchy, whose defeat we had just witnessed, had been released by Lear's selfish anger with his best-loved daughter, whom he had thus brought within the reach of their malice. The deadly snake was indeed wounded to death, but the most precious thing in Lear's life was snatched from him by the last vicious sting of the dying reptile.

There can be no doubt that at the period in Shakespeare's career when he wrote *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Measure for Measure*, he was deeply moved and fascinated by the power of evil in the world. But the point for us at the moment is that whatever the circumstances in his life that drove him to look into the abyss of the world's wickedness, he did not write his plays until

he had reached certain conclusions about it, which are there enforced. One conclusion is as to the ideal. Can any reader of the plays hesitate as to where Shakespeare's sympathies lay—with Othello or Iago, with Lucio or Isabella? Another conclusion which *Hamlet* enforces is that a man's duty in regard to this evil is not to let it paralyze him for action. And a third is that a mere doctrinaire treatment of it, whether by a Brutus or an Angelo, is worse than useless.

A few words may be added on the question, often asked, whether Shakespeare in his plays lets us see anything of his own view as to a future life. The question is no easy one to answer, because it is never easy to say when a dramatist is speaking his personal convictions, and the greater the dramatist the less easy it is.* *Hamlet*, in his famous soliloquy, doubts and hesitates; that is characteristic of *Hamlet*. Claudio speaks a fine poetical rhapsody upon the horrors of Hell, and so does Othello; these speeches also must be in character—we have no other reason to suppose that Shakespeare credited those monkish legends. Prospero, in his speech after the Mask, says that not the world only, but also its inhabitants, will melt into air, being "such stuff as dreams are made on"; but in the last scene of the play we find him announcing his purpose to—

Retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave;
an announcement which would have no meaning if the speech after the

* I have a profound distrust of a criticism which professes to be able to distinguish the authentic voice of our greatest dramatist. What is generally meant when this is asserted by a competent critic is that the particular passage expresses some universal sentiment with more passion and simplicity than usual; but a reference to any collection of "Beauties of Shakespeare" will show how many passages are credited to the dramatist himself which quite obviously in the play express the view only of a particular character. Thus Dodd takes Macbeth's despairing speech beginning "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow" as the dramatist's own "Reflections upon life."

Mask expressed his final conviction. That speech, though it is more often quoted as Shakespeare's own opinion than any other in the plays, except, "All the world's a stage," and, indeed, is cut upon his cenotaph in Westminster Abbey—is spoken by Prospero "in his haste" at the recollection of Caliban's conspiracy. "That which provokes," says Mr. Bradley, "first a 'passion' of anger, and a moment later that melancholy and mystical thought that the great world must perish utterly, and that man is but a dream, is the sudden recollection of gross and apparently incurable evil in the monster whom he had tried in vain to raise and soften, and in the monster's human confederates."¹⁰ And we must remember that no sooner are the despairing words out of his mouth than he apologizes for them.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little
life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am
vex'd.
Is troubled;
Bear with my weakness: my old brain
Be not disturbed with my infirmity.

If Prospero, then, is to be taken for Shakespeare himself, as many critics hold, we may fairly say that the evil in the world sometimes shook his faith; but not that he was a convinced materialist. And one other passage may be adduced as significant upon this point. At the end of *Measure for Measure*, the Duke, who is distributing "poetical justice" all round, sends for the drunken ruffian Barnardine, and addresses him thus:

¹⁰ "Shakespearean Tragedy," p. 329. The importance of taking this speech in its dramatic context was, so far as I remember, first pointed out by Mr. Morton Luce, in his edition of "The Tempest." As I have quoted Mr. Bradley, I should like to take the opportunity of directing anyone who does not know it to his study of Shakespearean tragedy. The discussion proceeds from a different point of view from that taken in this paper, and is, of course, much less abstract and more thorough.

Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squarest thy life according.
Thou'rt condemned;
But for those earthly faults I quit them all;
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come.

The Duke is here quoting an imaginary opinion of the imaginary friar, who was himself; and so if we are allowed anywhere to hear Shakespeare speaking through his characters—which I doubt—we might fairly claim to hear him through the mouth of this earthly providence, the Duke. But may we not appeal to the *Sonnets*? M. Jussérand tells us that Shakespeare speaks of the "shadowy beyond" in his *Sonnets* "in the same strains as Claudio or Hamlet"; and "does not seem to have even their doubts." It is quite true that for the most part the immortality discussed in the *Sonnets* is an earthly immortality which the poet's verse shall bestow on himself and his friend:

Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rime
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
And thou in this shalt find thy monument
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

But there is one sonnet which M. Jussérand has overlooked:

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
[Thralld to] these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?

Shall worms, inheritors of this excess;
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's
end?

Then, soul, live thou upon thy serv-
ant's loss,

And let that plue to aggravate thy
store;

The Nineteenth Century and After.

Buy terms divine in selling hours of
dross;

Within be fed, without be rich no more;
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds
on men;

And Death once dead, there's no more
dying then.

H. C. Beeching.

THE STORY OF HAUKSGARTH FARM.

CHAPTER VII.

That morning John Gospej harnessed the horse to the roller, and went to the oat-field to wage war with the slugs alone. In his going, he sang praises to the Lord and invoked blessings upon the household that had sheltered him; then he called for the right hand of Heaven to assist him with his immediate task, and set the horse and the roller upon the vermin that were destroying the crop.

Meanwhile Whinnery saddled his own horse and rode away with a stern, dark face. He had it in his mind to search for Nanna, or at least to come at some news of her. He was absent for a fortnight, and during this time he sought amongst the hills, the towns, hamlets, and farms of the district with a care and solicitude which could not have been greater had she been his daughter's true sister.

First he turned his face Kendal way, that being the town most familiar to the untravelled girl, and when he met there with no success, rode back along the coast towards Morecambe. Though he made his inquiries with crafty care, lending her the protection of the name of "daughter," to which relationship he had ungrudgingly admitted her, he felt that his errand sowed a crop of gossip—so parlous a business did he find it for a man of sobriety and respect to go amongst the country folk asking news of a girl with a face like a rose in bloom.

Not far beyond Summerdale, he had the ill-luck to meet with Nasshiter.

Nasshiter rode a stout gray cob and had a handful of fresh fish strung up to his saddle—fish for which he had chaffered from the little lads he chanced on by the wayside, beating them down by halfpennies and ounces, until their small arithmetic was confused. The man's avarice was of the creeping kind, and had become an irresistible habit. Dabs and morts were cheap enough, but he had secured his fish for half the market price, and found it worth while to ride the distance for that small gain, and so comforting a chuckle in his heart.

At the sight of his landlord, Whinnery's face darkened; his knees gripped the horse and he sat more upright. As his eye travelled over the man, his gorge rose in a kind of disgust. Nasshiter's heavy form sank greedily upon the horse, as though to get out of the beast the full worth of the money spent on him; under the weight the spiritless cob seemed to despair. So wrapt was the rider in the thought of the ha'pence he had saved and the downcast faces he had left behind, that he did not at once perceive the farmer; when he did so, into his hard black eyes came a flash of amusement. From this Whinnery gathered that Nasshiter, whose jaundiced thoughts, as he knew, were ever a-wait for their opportunity, had received early news of Nanna's flight and relished the thought. He knew the temper of the man, and passed him by with a surly nod. But Nasshiter reined in his cob, shifted

himself slowly on his saddle, laid his hand on the beast's haunches, and looked after the retreating figure of the farmer, and as he did so, shook with silent laughter.

"Thou sawney [stupid]! Riding Morecambe way are ta, after thy bonny lass?" murmured he, as he jerked the reins and moved on.

At Morecambe, Whinnery fared no better in his search, nor at Lancaster either, though there he spent a longer time, wining under the interrogations and suggestions of the police and their no less significant silence; and from the folk meeting the head-shakes and sly looks, he was weary of. From Lancaster he returned to the coast, and crossed the sands at low tide from Hestr Ness to Kald's Bank and so passed into Lonsdale, and inland to Low Furness as far as Barrow, to which town, on market days, he (and Silver after him) had carried the sweet fruits of the orchard, "this forty year."

Barrow he made the limit of his researches, returning along the coast through the pleasant hamlet of Barna, and sought in that neighborhood and round about Ary Head, and thence went on to the peat fields of Melmormire (which Nanna had visited in Silver's company) to inquire vainly concerning the girl from the women peat-gatherers he found. At that point he surrendered the search, returning from Melmormire over the sands to Blavik, and so home again, carrying a sick, shameful heart, but bringing no news of Nanna to the troubled, anxious women.

The return was worse to him than the journey; so long as he had been actively searching, the burning thoughts, the surging rage of a stern and just man outraged in his home, were held in abeyance; When he summed up the losses occasioned by his absence, when he beheld the misery in the faces of his wife and daughter, the

unvoiced anger broke, and he cursed that suspected one, against whose door he laid the credit of the shame that had befallen.

Silence was not present when her father raised his hand and cursed the lad Silver. His wife Hannah was, and no sooner was the malediction uttered than a change passed upon her. For she, whose submission to his will and opinions made her in daily life but a gentle, soothing copy of himself, rose from the chair on which she had collapsed, and rushed across the room with a look as though the wind had blown her, and seized his uplifted arm.

"Tak' back thy words!" she shrieked. "Tak' back thy words! Thou'rt smiting I' the dark, and m'appen thou'st nobbut struck thysen."

"I'll niver tak' back my words, This ill-wark is Silver's."

"Nowt o' t' sort, I'll stand to that."

"Not hian? Wha was I' t' worchit, then, the neet Silence picked up his hat?"

"Not Silver, mon! I'll stand to't, I tell thee. Did Silver stay to tak' an awd ramshackle hat out o' t' dresser drawer when he left us? 'T warnt him as carried it to t' worchit."

Whinnery dropped his tragically lifted hand with a slow, perplexed gesture. What, indeed, easier than for a crafty person to throw dust in the eyes of simpler people, by the use of Silver's hat? But could he credit pretty, innocent-seeming Nanna with native wickedness so deep?

Confused by a knowledge of the motive that lay behind the departure of Silver and his own bitterness concerning it, he had inevitably connected the lad with this later deplorable event. But Mrs. Whinnery did not share that knowledge. It was her misfortune to nourish a darker and better founded suspicion; in effect, the unhappy mother interpreted the disappearance of the girl in terms of that measure-

less incalculable flux in character, which we name "want of principle," or "depraved tendency," as the case may be. The sharpest part of her sorrow was that she, the mother, alone nursed these harsher surmises. A fortnight later the painful story unfolded another chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

One evening, about an hour after sunset, Mr. Whinnery returned to Hauksgarth from Kendal market.

It had been a chilly, drizzling day; the gray mists that crept past the windows, the monotonous drip of moisture from the eaves, the colorless look of the drenched and drooping vegetation added to the depression of the household. Mrs. Tiffin was with them. Since the vanishing of Nanna, she had been hired regularly as domestic help, the whole of the dairy work having now fallen upon the shoulders of Silence.

Mrs. Tiffin was a gaunt woman, with a long, dark face like a horse; she was a widow with two married daughters, and her existence had been one long, heroic struggle with poverty. Her husband had been a "waller"¹ on the Arneson estate; but his earnings had not been sufficient for their needs.

"It war n't my husband's poor wages 'at brought up the childer," Mrs. Tiffin would say. "I had to go badging [hawking] all over the country. I wad get apples, potatoes, aw maks o' things, and sell 'em again."

Mrs. Tiffin had been shrewd. At a time when provisions were dear, when, in the absence of such levelling means of transit as railroads, people charged what they liked, Mrs. Tiffin had earned her custom by asking lower prices than was common for the things she managed to secure, and then hawked from door to door. To this office she had added others; she had not been above

¹ Hedger and ditcher.

pulling "lout turnips" in "bye-times," that is, taking the bad roots out of the fields. She had also "worked peats" in her day. Not a character in the countryside was better known than Mrs. Tiffin, nor any face more welcome at the cottage doors. Her home was a rambling, roomy cottage at Spor, the small inland hamlet lying north of Hauksgarth as the crow flies, and not far from Blavik on the coast. Folk called the cottage, which stood by the roadside, simply "awd Jinny's," Jinny being her name; and a well which was near at hand, and from which, morning and evening, punctual as the sun, she drew her supply of water, they called "Jinny's well." For the woman's personality was one that impressed itself on her surroundings and on the minds of those about her.

"Ye might tak' t' time o' day from awd Jinny," Mrs. Whinnery was wont to say.

She was also apt in household work, and her assistance and industry, her inappeasable sense of duty in small things, were valued by the family at the Farm. To "awd Jinny" the offer of regular work came as honorable promotion: she accepted the position and soon made her presence indispensable.

On that memorable evening, she was at work in the front kitchen, cutting out from coarse linen a couple of shirts, which Silence was prepared to make up for her father with as much dispatch as her busy life would allow. Mrs. Tiffin stood at the dresser under the window, and in the waning light, the last of which she had made up her mind to "catch," she pondered the material spread before her, with a careful eye. In her hand was a large pair of scissors, and now and again she smoothed out the linen as though to stretch it to the utmost dimension.

"I 'st hev hard wark to get two shirts," said she.

"Cut one, then. Thou spends more

time scheming than thou'll save i' stuff i' the end," said Mrs. Whinnery.

"That wad be waste," said Mrs. Tiffin earnestly, gazing at the linen as in a great stress of thought and conscience, and pressing the scissors against her cheek; "I can't waste anything. I cannot do it. Shirts *mun* go into t' stuff. And I'll see to it they do."

That was the moment when the door opened and Whinnery entered suddenly. One knows what it is when a man breaks in upon the quiet domesticities of women, with the fighting tumult of the world upon his brow. So disordered and unusual was her husband's demeanor that Mrs. Whinnery started from her chair with a cry; while Mrs. Tiffin dropped the scissors and permitted her stiff, tall figure to collapse over the linen on the dresser. Even Silence uttered a low exclamation.

But Whinnery raised his hand in brusque command. No question would he permit, no word would he utter of the cause of his extreme disturbance; he asked for food, and when Silence had brought it to the table, sat down to his meal; yet the hands which raised the cup and broke the bread shook violently as in some deep trouble and shock of the mind. All the evening afterwards he sat silent, smoking his pipe and staring alternately at the fire, and from that to the pale faces of his wife and daughter, and from them about the kitchen—the great brown beams of it, the clean distempered walls, the handsome furniture—with a distraught air. Nothing of his trouble did he impart, and when bedtime came, he rose and signed with his hand that the evening was over. When Silence hesitatingly advanced toward him and offered her cheek, he turned aside and firmly though not unkindly pushed her away.

On the following morning, when John

Gospel came in to the midday meal it was recognized by the working of his face and the staring of his mild eyes that he was the bearer of some remarkable news.

"Wheer 's t' Mester?" said he, as he pulled his forelock at the door before entering.

"I reckon he's upstairs," said Mrs. Whinnery; "he came in an hour ago."

"Weel," said John, "here's good time lost. I hanner seen him this morning. Wark's just anyhow's."

That morning Whinnery's face had been noticeably drawn and white and his aspect exhausted, as a man's will be when he has suffered and not slept. His manner was, however, composed when he came in for the meal and took his usual place at the table. But a dead silence, none knew why, fell on the circle as he entered. The folk at Hauksgarth had always fed simply, indeed, the use of wheaten bread was almost unknown in the district; of late they had been even more sparing in diet. The meal consisted of barley scones, haver-bread, and Whillmer cheese, with buttermilk as a beverage. Whinnery cut portions of the cheese and Mrs. Whinnery distributed the bread and scones. Then it was that John broke the silence.

"I carry rare news wi' me," said he, with an important air.

"Weel then, out wi' it," said Mrs. Whinnery in her plaintive, under-toned voice.

"I took my barrer last neet," John readily began, "to mae a few fresh brackens. Near by Spor I see a horse standing by t' roadside wi' an empty saddle. And when I come alongside I saw a man lying in the ditch; that put me in a sad pucker, for, thinks I, he'd m'appen been murdered or summat of that mak'."

"Mudder," interrupted Whinnery, "this bread's noan half-baked. It clags [sticks] in my mouth."

"And he laid it down and pushed his plate aside," said Mrs. Whinnery.

"Can'ta not ate it? Thou'rt for wasting good food," said Mrs. Whinnery.

"Na, I cannot," said Whinnery, "gle me a sup o' milk. And thee get forrad wi' thy tale, John."

John gladly again took up his story.

"I was fayne [frightened] of touching him at first. But I raised him varra cautious and I see he wasna deed. So I made shift to untie his neckcloth, and then I saw it was no simple body I handled, but one of the betterness sort. His coat was fine broadcloth and he had a fine lin' shirt, though beclarted [dirty] wi' mud. I laid him on dry ground and then, by the mass! I see it was Mester Harold Arneson."

"Good forjus days!" exclaimed Mrs. Whinnery, her plaintive indifference ruffled for the first time, "and him so kysty [dainty] wi' his linen! Eh! poor lad! It's not to tell how commed [looked] things can happen."

"I cud'na came at it at yance," said John, "his face was fowled cruelly and yamost all the colors of the rainbow!"

"What didst ta do next?" asked Whinnery steadily.

"I'd no mind to be left to answer for sic-like wark," said John, "so I shouted. But no sooner hed I done that, than I yead somebry near by behind the hedge. And there stood Mester Nasshiter a-larfu fit to split his sides."

"Mester Nasshiter's a hard heart wi' him," sighed Mrs. Whinnery.

"Weel, I says to him, 'ye've a gurd [gift] o' laughter on ye, seemingly,' sez I, 'but ye'll likely want your breath for something else gih Mester Harold dies on we'r hands. Help me hoist him upon t' barrer.' But when Mester Harold heard that, he begins to stir his sen. 'Set me on my horse,' sez he. 'So we raised him and hed him acrost t' beast's back at the end. And he tells Nasshiter 'his horse hed cobbled

[thrown] him and he doubted he'd got a kick. At that Nasshiter gan him a queer glent [glance] wi' his ee. And Mester Harold, he bent down and whispered in my ear, 'Come with me, John.' sez he. 'Ten thousand devils are whirling in my yed and I'm blind of my eyes.' So I led the horse to the lodge and there heigan me a sovereign. It was a queer-looking job. For I niver heard tell of a horse cobbling his rider and letting out with his heels, and standing quiet after, nozzle to ground, as mild as a three-week foal."

"Why shouldnt thou believe him?" asked Whinnery calmly.

"And without waiting for an answer, he rose from the table and left the room."

Throughout this talk, in which John Gospel, as a man of parts, had displayed considerable descriptive power, Silence kept her eyes fixed on her father's face. Mrs. Whinnery, as one too heavy with her own grief to have any power of discrimination left, had heard the story with ears partly deaf, the sentences which had fallen from her lips being no more than mild responses from a nature attuned to kindness.

With Silence it was different. Between herself and her father was a strong tie, which of late had been drawn closer; his reticence might forbid him to utter his emotions and might prompt him to conceal their causes; Silence would watch the more. She slipped now from the kitchen to follow him, and after some search discovered that he was in the stable. He stood near a small dusty window, the light from which revealed in his face a deep haggard look, as of one whose thoughts plunge into the profound in things. Silence at the door waited long and patiently for her chance.

Presently he came out of his stupor and sighed, as a diver might sigh who

returns to the light from dark waters. Upon that followed a strange, unnerving thing, for a babble of words broke from the stern lips—words uttered in whispers, and which affected Silence the more for that, seeming to her ever afterwards as the very pattern for the voice of grief. Of these words—whether that her heart of love sharpened her ears or that the muffled voice broke its restraint—she heard distinctly three short sentences, and received them as one who takes a lasting impression upon the mind. “Silver my lad, the Farm was thine. Come back and take it. The Farm is thine!” A little later he became aware of the figure standing in the doorway. He started slightly, but Silence’s eyes caught and held his with their deep consoling look. After that she withdrew. That afternoon, Whinnery rode away again from the Farm, his journey taking him to Lancaster, where he gathered information and to spare as to Nanna. On his return homewards, when he came to the familiar roads, he went with his head bowed on his breast, because of the shame of his heart. Why should he conceal his humiliation under a revelation which to him might be news, but which to others was as common coin passing from hand to hand? It was evening when he reached home, and his wife assailed him anew for a word of Nanna. “Wad, Gad, she were dead!” was all the answer he could bring himself to utter. Later, he imparted the facts. She received the information in an apparently stony quietude, manifesting no surprise, expressing no hope. This acceptance of his tale surprised, while it relieved him. And at night, the candles being lit, he seated himself by the table in the kitchen with the Bible be-

fore him, and bade his wife place her chair close to his. Then Silence was summoned from the dairy work; John Gospel also was called in from the loft, and Mrs. Tiffin from her ironing in the back kitchen; so much it seemed but these two sat side by side on chairs something removed from the central group, Silence having a place opposite her father near the table. Afterwards the memory of the scene was associated in her mind with the gigantic shadow of John Gospel, which flowed up the wall in exaggerated effigy and reproduced his movements. And now, being all assembled together, Mr. Whinnery opened the Book and read portions aloud from a chapter in Proverbs. When the reading was ended, he took the hand of his wife in his own, for she, poor soul, had a dreadful look of pallor, as though the heart within bled its force away, and his eyes being fixed on the dim corner of the kitchen where the old grandfather clock slowly tick-tocked as an accompaniment, and while, in the stillness, Silence watched the shadow of John Gospel clasping gigantic hands and bending the head in prayer, he repeated, with an emphasis terrible enough to sound like a curse, the words: “Remove thy way far from her.” Then, with a solemnity equal to that in which he had read the condemnatory verses, yet toned to something of tenderness because of the visible anguish of his wife, he bade his household give up the hope of Nanna’s return. Raising his hand a little, so as to quell the threatened outburst of emotion, he required them to drop even all reference to her existence; her name was to die on their lips, her image, in so far as was possible, to fade from their hearts. “We’ve done our best for Nanna,” said he. “We’ve loved her as m’appen we might love a little white lamb. She would none of love of that make. She has ganged her own gait. We cannot.

munnot follow. War ner that, we dar' not. I reckon ye may all pray the Lord to have massy on her soul. But it mun be i' silence. Niver in this house"—he raised his hand solemnly and brought it down on the Bible with a resolute gesture that clinched the words—"niver in this house can her name be spoken again. Ye unnerstan'? For us there 's an end of Nanna."

CHAPTER IX.

The scene of the repudiation of Nanna took place a year and a quarter after the departure of Silver. It marked a time when trouble began to settle heavily upon the Farm.

Bestir himself as he might, John could not replace the gifted Silver; though Mrs. Tiffin was invaluable and devoted, her wages and John's were an increase and expenditure which hampered Whinnery's resources. Then disasters, some as unlooked-for as the plague of white slugs, befel. In a farm of sixty or seventy acres, of which perhaps a fourth part was devoted to grain, even the lesser mishaps may seriously tell. One year the fruit produce failed almost entirely, and Whinnery had nothing to carry to the market at Barrow-in-Furness. In the spring the valuable damson crop had shown fair promise, but a snap of cold returned unseasonably and ruined it.

"T' frost," as Whinnery said, "had 'em late in May. It was i' t' marning o' twentieth and twenty-first. And a deal of apples got moiled that year too."

There were greater troubles—greater because, to Whinnery, more incomprehensible. Effects from the political disturbances of the time and the rapidly changing industrial procedure reached even their remote district, discovering themselves in unforeseen checks where before all had been smooth. To meet them, the adaptability and resourcefulness of a young

brain were needed. Whinnery, who was advancing in years, had more than his share of the conservatism of age; without Silver to stimulate and advise he was lost, missing the lad every hour of the day in a grief which did not abate. The fact that Silver was exonerated from any share in Nanna's ill-doing added to this sorrow the sharpness of self-reproach. In the end, a sense of frustration took possession of the old man's heart. He perceived too late that he had sacrificed the present to a problematical future, and had driven the lad into determined self-exile by thrusting him into an impossible position. His pride could not bend to an open acknowledgment of his error; silently he set to his lonely work morning, noon, and night, and fought single-handed against the loss of wastage on the land. By degrees the small fortune reserved for Silence and inherited from her mother was absorbed; upon that followed a daily solicitude and pinch, the wearing effort to make a little go as far as more.

Mrs. Whinnery supported her husband, but lived in a martyrdom of pain which induced a gradual decay. The discovery of the canker she had unwittingly introduced into the house in the shape of her child, had overwhelmed her; to acquiesce in her husband's repudiation of Nanna seemed, in her anguish and despairing shame, the only course; but she could not still the inappeasable longing which was a part of her maternity. If she could have uttered her grief, drawn it into comfortable human discussion, she had cleansed it from half its terrifying shame. Yet her own instinct, as well as her husband's command, was against the impulse to confide in Silence. There were moments when her step-daughter's unconscious goodness rent her heart as with a purposed cruelty of contrast. Silence's attitude was an unconscious arrangement be-

tween her tenderness and sense of filial duty. At the scene of the repudiation she had bowed her head submissively but had never said "Amen," her heart had not resigned its protective instincts towards Nanna for a moment.

The years crept on to 1836. Mrs. Whinnery clung to her work in spite of increasing weakness, but fell at last into a bedridden condition, and Whinnery put a yet more severe strain upon himself to meet the expenses his wife's illness entailed.

Nasshiter had, so far, made no move. Why should he act? The least hand-some of the predatory instincts takes shape as a spider-like passivity while the web of untoward circumstance entraps the victim. It was not until the latter half of 1836 that he added his hand to the blows of fortune falling upon the farmer, borrowing the occasion from that sentence in the Arneson lease which had been the single qualification of the gift.

"It looks as if the land were going clean clamrotten," he would say, when he chanced to encounter Whinnery.

These skirmishes with his landlord produced a nervous irritation dangerous to a man as overstrained as Whinnery. It was not, however, until the end of March, 1837, a little under seven years since Silver's departure, that Nasshiter uttered his first clear threat.

The month had opened favorably with abundant fertilizing rains, and he began to fear that the proverbial good luck of the Whinnerys might return, and he lose the chance of dispossessing his tenant. To Whinnery the definite threat came as the last turn of the screw. He had risen one morning in apparently good health, but after a meeting with Nasshiter fell in the field as a tree that is struck. They carried him into the house, and he was laid in the bed by the side of his dying wife. The paralysis which had seized him left him powerless, left him speech-

less, but did not deprive him of understanding, nor of sight, nor of hearing; and, for the first time in his reticent life, the struggle of his whole soul was after an utterance denied him. He knew he was dying, yet found himself cut off from the possibility of imparting to Silence information which it was urgently necessary he should impart. Though he had of late years taken her into his tuition and confidence in many matters, from complete openness he had fallen short. Too late he regretted it; but against the wall of numb inability, will and desire battled in vain. The most he could do was to throw into his eyes an anxious entreaty that rent the heart of his daughter.

The sympathy between father and child gave poignancy to the situation, his impotent anguish being reflected in her distressed inability to interpret it.

"Ye want to tell me something, fadder," she would cry, "and ye cannot. But I'll seek it out."

There would follow, she fancied, a faint abatement in the entreating anguish.

One night she did not undress. At dawn, coming to his side, she perceived how near was the end, and bent to listen for the sound of his breath. And his eyes, which had been closed, opened to fix themselves upon her in a last agony after speech.

In that moment her mind carried her to the hour when she had heard him cry in the stable upon the absent Silver—crying that the Farm was his. Did he suppose that she had forgotten, or had missed the meaning of that moment? An inspiration of wisdom prompted her to speak three words and to keep within the limits of that safe short utterance.

"Fadder! I know," said she.

At that, quiet as a soothing hand passed over his face, and with a soft breath of unutterable relief, he was gone.

A fortnight later, Silence stood the lonely witness of the second death. Mrs. Whinery sighed away her life in the utterance of that name which, for so long, she had locked within her heart. As she passed away, there escaped from her lips the yearning cry of "Nanna!"

(To be continued.)

REVOLUTION AND LANGUAGE

If the Russian revolution has not yet succeeded in overthrowing the bureaucracy, it has certainly effected a profound change in the mental habits of the masses of the people. It has shattered old conceptions of the order of things that seemed as firm as the hills. It has opened a whole new world of possibilities, and awakened an eager spirit of questioning that will lead very far. The process of development towards Western ways of thinking is still by no means complete. The old ideas are in a state of flux and mingle strangely with the new in the tossing and whirling of the stream. And the new is often apprehended by the help of the old. There are thousands of Russian peasants who, in their attitude to what Westerners consider the commonest boons of civilization, remind one of the old Moscow nurse who travelled with her master's family for the first time to the Crimea, and at the sight of the sparkling expanse of the Black Sea cried, "Oh, what a big Moscow river!" And there are times when the old asserts itself in peculiarly repulsive forms, in pogroms carried out in the name of the Tsar, the Faith and the Nation, and in such cases as that of the brutal murder of a two-year-old child by deluded peasants at the dictation of a religious impostor in the Mogileff government, or the attack made by peasants in a northern government on a Finnish ethnologist simply because he incautiously declared himself an

To the understanding and conscience of Silence, it appeared that two solemn injunctions had been laid upon her. The one, the delivery of the Farm into the hands of Silver as rightful owner. The other, the re-establishment of the memory of Nanna at least.

Emma Brooks

Lutheran. But over the great mass of the people the spell of the old is broken, and though apathy may ensue upon fierceness of protest, and though the outward forms of the old may still remain, such outward forms are but charred trunks through which the clearing fires of pioneers have passed; the seed of Western culture has been sown and must spring up in a harvest of new institutions. It would require a very careful and comprehensive investigation of previous conditions, and of all the revolutionary factors that have been at work in order to estimate even approximately the extent of the change that has taken place in the mental outlook of the Russian people. But there is one sphere that gives a trustworthy clue to the direction taken by the change, and that is the daily speech of the masses of the people. Few people who have lived in Russia during the last few years could fail to be struck by the constant emergence of new words in ordinary conversation; every stage of the rapid political development brought with it additions to the Russian vocabulary which in the general excitement, with that strange swiftness of communication which was one of the most striking features of the revolutionary time, passed from mouth to mouth, established for themselves a context, a wide range of mental associations, and became household words. Not all such additions have been recognized by sci-

tific authorities, though some of them, in spite of the protests of conservatives, have been admitted into the latest edition of Dahl's great dictionary of the language. But they are words that have become familiar to the people, are used by the people, and have that irresistible claim to recognition that is established by use. The additions to the general vocabulary have by no means involved in every case the creation or the introduction of words hitherto unknown in Russian. Many of them had been in regular use amongst the intelligentsia, the restricted group of educated people who took a more or less lively interest in abstract questions. But the language of the intelligentsia is strange to the masses of the people. An old cook when asked by her mistress whether she understood when she talked with her literary friends answered, "It is as though you were talking Russian, but I can't understand what you are saying." Happy were those members of the intelligentsia who had been brought up among the people and could, when they chose, speak the people's rich, virile, idiomatic language. But only too often students and professional men talked with peasants in the colorless and bookish language that is customarily employed by the educated class, and so closed against themselves the heart of those they wished to influence. With the Russian educated class the distinction between the spoken and the written language is much slighter than it is in the case of any of the other great nations of Europe. The peasant did not understand the Germanized Russian of the monthly magazines, and he therefore naturally found it difficult to understand the language of the intelligentsia. To a large extent linguistic develop-

ment during the last two years has gone in the direction of making words used hitherto exclusively by the intelligentsia the property of the masses of the people. To take the most obvious instance. In December 1825, when a band of revolutionary officers shouted in Senate Square in St. Petersburg, "Constitution! Constitution!" many of the onlookers thought the word referred to the wife of the heir-apparent, the Grand Duke Constantine. Now, if the exact meaning of the word "constitution" is not understood by the majority of peasants, could every English farmer state it offhand? Its general sense and the sphere of conceptions in which such an idea has its place have become very familiar to the people during the last few years of fierce storm and strain. The shock of conflict, the common hope, the common suffering have thrown the intelligentsia and the people together. In the process of revolutionary agitation, by strikes, insurrection and electoral campaigns, and the Duma sessions, something approaching a common language has been established. Ideas and hopes that for over half-a-century have been cherished almost in secret by the intelligentsia have been brought home to the people. It is only in a slight degree as the result of direct propaganda that the knowledge of this new common language has been spread abroad. New words have arisen almost, as it were, spontaneously to the people's lips as symbols of the manifold emotions awakened by the spectacle of the reeling and tottering of the whole social fabric. As it happens practical reasons have suggested attempts to place on record the linguistic deposit of revolutionary periods. From time to time there have appeared so-called "Guides" or "Interpreters" for readers of newspapers and pamphlets, the object of which is to explain to the peasant and the working man the more or less unfamiliar

¹ The language of pure literature (poetry and the novel) has fortunately almost entirely escaped the infection of the Germanizing tendency.

far words he is sure to meet with in his reading on questions of the day. The break-down of the censorship let loose upon the book-market a flood of books, pamphlets, booklets and leaflets on social and political subjects. Translations of the greater part of the French and German literature on Socialism and Anarchism have appeared; in October and November 1905, and again during the session of the first Duma in 1906, a large number of newspapers were born to a short and turbulent existence; party programmes, party literature in pamphlet and leaflet form were disseminated far and wide; finally the reports of the Duma debates found their way to remote villages. The peasants eagerly sought explanations of the startling events that were taking place before their eyes, and those of them who could read, perused diligently and made earnest efforts to understand such of the new literature as came in their way. But a good deal of this literature was only partially intelligible to the masses of the people. Perhaps the only thoroughly successful attempt to interpret in the tongue of the people the significance of the events of the revolutionary period was that embodied in a paper published in Moscow by the liberal priest, Father Petroff, written in exceedingly simple language and containing a number of articles written by peasants. Very few writers, even with the most ardent desire to make themselves intelligible, could avoid using foreign or learned words in discussing the ideas involved in the emancipatory movement. The new words spread and were frequently misunderstood or half-understood, with very curious results. About the time of the great Strike in 1905 there was much talk of a republic (*Respublika*), and peasants hearing the word interpreted it in a very sinister sense. They took it to mean *Ryexh-publiku* (cut the public to pieces). The Constitutional Democratic

Party had to adopt a new title (the party of the People's Freedom), because in the first place Constitutional Democratic was discovered to be almost unpronounceable by illiterate tongues, and in the second place peasants were apt to confuse it with a word of similar sound (*Konnokrady*), meaning horse-thieves. The Russian peasant is very fond of using learned words of which he only vaguely understands the meaning. He will speak of "colossal" and "special," and in rare moments of exaltation of "encyclopaedic" when he wishes to express the inexpressible, and he will roll on his tongue such a word as "ingore" when he wishes to convey an idea distantly resembling that commonly expressed by "ignore." Under such conditions "guides," or "interpreters," for newspaper readers are clearly by no means superfluous.

From these guides, then, some idea may be gained of the innovation effected by the revolutionary movement in the vocabulary of common life, and that issued by the Vyatka Publishing Company may be taken as a fair average example. It contains a fairly complete list of the new words, and its definitions, far from being coldly objective, very frequently reflect the passion of the revolutionary struggle. The words that have thus recently found their way into general currency may be divided into four classes. First, those describing the new political and social conceptions to which the revolution has drawn the attention of the masses: secondly, those connected with various phases of the revolutionary movement itself; thirdly, words describing the old régime from the point of view of the liberatory movement; and fourthly, those referring to ordinary conceptions of Western civilization which up till now have been unfamiliar to the masses of the people.

Under the first category the word for "liberty," with all its fresh connota-

tions, occupies a peculiar position. The word itself (*svoboda*) is very ancient, and is common to all the Slavonic languages. From the Russians even the Finns, as Finnish scholars have recently reminded their countrymen, not without bitterness, borrowed at some remote period their word for liberty. But amongst the Russian people the word had formerly a comparatively restricted significance. The term used most frequently by the peasants in referring to the emancipation from serfdom, and employed by the revolutionaries in the seventies as an equivalent for liberty, was not "*svoboda*," but a word "*volya*," meaning literally "will," so to speak, "freedom to act at one's will and pleasure," an idea very dear to the heart of a serf who, for instance, was compelled to marry not the woman he loved, but the woman his master chose for him. An old peasant, a former serf, once told me that the happiest day in his life was one he spent in hunting in company with the son of his former master. And when I asked why, he replied: "Because we wandered all day long whither we would, rested when we would, walked when we would, and there was no one to say no," and the old man's dim eyes lit up with gladness at the recollection. It was as though he had been touched for a moment by a faint breath of the spirit of the Cossack of the olden time, whose glory was that he was "*free*" (*volny*) to come and go, to fight and feast, to ride over the broad steppe whither and when he would.

The word "*svoboda*" probably bears for the peasant almost the same meaning as the word he has been accustomed to use for the emancipation from serfdom. It is possible, indeed, that the suggestion of one scholar is well founded, namely, that "*svoboda*" is derived from a word meaning "one's own," and thus, etymologically, implies personal initiative, independence of action. At any rate in the early

stages of the revolution liberty was generally regarded negatively, as freedom from restraint, and in the first intoxication that followed upon the October manifesto this freedom from restraint was frequently interpreted in the very broadest sense, as freedom not only from political restraint but from every kind of obligation towards one's fellows.² Sometimes this self-assertion assumed forms that were decidedly unattractive. It displayed itself not only in such harmless cases as those of the insistence of students on being admitted free of charge to places of entertainment in virtue of their rights as citizens, but in the graver issues of the revolutionary conflict, as when in critical moments, when the success of a movement depended very largely on persistent agitation, newspaper composers suddenly struck for higher wages, and refused to permit their papers to appear. Not in a day or a month does a people learn to distinguish between freedom and license, or to realize in its fulness the great idea of personal liberty. The marvel in Russia is not that there has been so much extravagance, but that, considering the long duration and the severity of the despotic régime, there has been so little. And if liberty has not yet been gained, it is at least a great achievement that the conception of it has been brought home to the masses, and that it has become an axiom that liberty must be won.

After "liberty" there comes a whole group of words describing various features of the new order. And here one is reminded of the sudden enrichment of the French language at the time of the Great Revolution, when words like "budget," "motion," and "club" were borrowed from English; certain French words acquired a new meaning, e.g. "constitution," "convention," "aristocrate;" while a number of entirely new

² Policemen frequently say threateningly "I'll give you freedom" in the sense of "I'll make it hot for you."

words came into use, such as "revolutionner," "lanterne" (to hang on lamp-posts), "septembriser," "septembreur," "guillotine," "régicide," "sans-culotte." So in Russian there is the word "constitution" itself for which no suitable Russian word has been found, the phrase, "legal order" used by Count Witte in his famous memorandum to the Tsar in 1905, not having found general acceptance.¹ Then there are such words as "Home-rule," which is borrowed directly from the English, the "h" being turned into "g" after the Russian manner; "the great charter of liberties" (*Magna Charta*), "habeas corpus," "Parliament," "meeting" (which is used as in French in the sense of political meeting); "party" (even for this conception a foreign word is used, though Poles and Finns have succeeded in finding for it native terms); "coalition," "collectivism," "socialization," and "nationalization" (of land); "decentralization," "autonomy," "federalism," and "separatism" (all these words bearing on the problem of how to reconcile the demands of the various nationalities within the Empire with the idea of the Empire's unity); a Russian word meaning "immunity of the person," formerly only used by the intelligentsia, now more or less familiar to the masses; Russian words for "Lower House," "Upper House," and the Two Chamber System; Constituent Assembly (a phrase over which fierce battles have been waged between Liberals who accepted the Government's *Duma*, and revolutionaries who insisted that nothing could be accepted short of a genuine Constituent Assembly).

Most interesting are the words belonging to the second group, and characterizing various phases of the revolution. Many of these words have been borrowed from English; certain French

¹ The phrase "legal order" was used by the "intelligentsia" as a substitute for "constitution" in the days when the latter word was under the ban of the censor. Naturally when the Government declared itself constitutional the phrase "legal order" was no longer required.

revolutionary struggle. It was in this sphere that the process of word formation as distinguished from mere borrowing of foreign words displayed itself most clearly. A series of such words might serve as chapter headings in a record of the revolutionary movement. There are the party names, for instance. Originally the parties described themselves by loud sounding titles with a heavy rhythm like the thud of a railway train. But very speedily these titles were clipped by frequent use. The social democrats are spoken of as *Ess-deks* (S.D.), the Socialist revolutionaries as *Ess-Ere* (S.R.); a small party of Populist Socialists formed last year as *Enn-esses*. Then from these abbreviated titles are formed strange derivatives. Those who without belonging to these parties adopt their tactics are spoken of as *Ess-dek-izers* or *Ess-er-izers*, as one might speak of *Judaizers*. The sub-title of the Constitutional Democrats has not found favor, and they are generally known as the *Kadets* (K.D.). The Conservatives, whose party takes its name from the date on which the Emperor signed the Constitutional manifesto (Oct. 17, O.S.), are known as *Octobrists*. Very singular is the way in which the term "Black Hundred" and its derivatives have come to be applied to the reactionary elements. *Sotnia* (a hundred) is the name applied to a squadron of Cossacks, and the Black Hundred was a slang term applied to the gangs of roughs in the larger towns. Formerly the word was occasionally used in reference to reactionary forces generally. Then with the outbreak of police-organized pogroms it was applied to the gangs of roughs employed to attack the Jews and to organizers of the movement, and so to reactionaries of all kinds. It is now used chiefly as a synonym of the Union of the Russian people, but according to the temperament of the speaker it may be used as a term of

reproach to extreme reactionaries, to moderate Conservatives, or even, if the speaker is very revolutionary and greatly excited, to Liberals. There are again some curious words that describe conflicting tendencies within various parties. The Social Democrats are divided into two perpetually warring factions known as the Minority and the Majority, because at the Congress several years ago when the split took place it was thus that the relative strength of the factions stood. The words have no numerical significance now; they merely stand for the more moderate and the more revolutionary factions respectively. From the Russian for "majority" and "minority" have been formed derivatives in a fashion serenely independent of the ordinary laws of Russian etymology, as though we should say "minorist" and "majorist," and "minoristish," "majoristish." And then in the heat of discussion, in a popular paper you get a sentence like this: "the Minoristish fraction must take into account the boycott psychology," a sentence which is neither English nor Russian, and to understand which almost a special initiation is required. To distinguish the various shades of political thought, the French and German terminology is employed—"left" for radical, "right" for reactionary, and "centre" for liberal. The words "left" and "right" are generally known and understood, and "leftness" is considered highly honorable, so that people who have no particular political convictions, but wish to curry favor with the crowd, demonstratively insist on their leftness, and vigorously abuse the less noisy for their "rightness." But there are still to be found happy souls whose ideas of "left" and "right" are delightfully vague. Some time ago a peasant came home after a thanksgiving service for the Tsar's supposed deliverance from assassination. When asked

where he had been he declared, "It was a thanksgiving service because the left and the right have united, and say there is to be no Tsar any more." There is one name that marks not a party but a class distinction. The word "bourgeois" has become during the revolutionary period one of the commonest terms of reproach. Naturally the Socialists describe the Liberals as "bourgeois"—the Vyatka "Guide" defines "bourgeois" as a "well-fed and prosperous person"—but amongst the Socialists themselves the word is used as a term of opprobrium. The Social Democrats and the Socialist Revolutionaries call each other bourgeois; the Majority Fraction of the Social Democrats apply the name to the Minority; and amongst the Socialist Revolutionaries it is applied to the dissidents now known as Populist Socialists, while the Socialist Revolutionaries are called "bourgeois" by the more extreme Maximalists. Amongst the working-men the word has come to be used without any political association as a mere term of abuse. In connection with the work of the parties there have come into use a large number of terms that are new to the people, e.g., "leader" (the English word), "speech," "organize," "organization," "fraction," "congress" (the foreign word is unnecessary as a native word exists; the German word "Parteitag" sometimes used by Social Democrats, has still less claim to naturalization), "programme," "resolution" (which is apt to be confused with "revolution"), "organ" (the party organ), "obstruction," "lozung" (an adaptation of the German word for watchword), "club," "delegate," "demiagogue," "international" (Socialists in referring to international Socialism frequently use the French instead of the native Russian adjective), and a great many words besides, most of which are borrowed from

French or English and used in the English sense.

Then there are terms descriptive of particular forms of revolutionary or counter-revolutionary action. For "strike," in the early stages of the movement, two words were used indifferently, one meaning "cessation of work" (derived from the Italian "basta," enough), and another meaning, strictly speaking, "combination," but the former has now almost completely ousted the latter. Peasants frequently used the word for strike in the sense of disturbance generally, as was not unnatural considering the immense social upheaval the great strikes caused. For "blackleg" an attempt was made to introduce the German word "streikbrecher." In the radical newspapers it was applied during the postal strike to those ladies and gentlemen who undertook to sort and distribute letters, but it failed to take root. "Pogrom" is a word with which in its present specific sense the revolutionary period has made not only Russia but western Europe sadly familiar. Yet on the afternoon when the Byelostok pogrom was being hotly discussed in the first Duma, I met an old peasant deputy who imagined that all the excitement in the House had been occasioned by *attacks on estates (razgromy)*. The word "hooligan" has become naturalized, is frequently mispronounced by the illiterate as "fooligan," and "pooligan," is in much more common use than it is in English, and has derivatives corresponding to such English terms as "hooligan-like" and "hooliganism," and is often used metaphorically in reference to certain tendencies in literature and the press. There are hackneyed newspaper phrases like "Bartholomew's Eve," and "the Sicilian Vespers," that recall the days of panic in 1905, when it was feared that the Black Gangs, under the protection of the police would attack and kill on a given night Jews

and intelligentsia. "Proscription lists," too, remind one how frequently the reactionary groups have drawn up lists of prominent members of the opposition who were to be secretly assassinated, and how in the case of MM. Herzenstein and Lollos the threat was carried into execution. The word "boycott" has become very popular, and is applied to almost every form of passive resistance. Shops are boycotted, and so are elections, and so are professions, and so are unpopular schoolboys. "Provocator" and "renegade" are words that have become painfully familiar in the course of the movement, and to kill an *agent provocateur* is considered by revolutionaries an act of party loyalty. In 1906, when the epidemic of highway robbery was at its height, the word "expropriation" became extremely popular. It was current slang, and was used even of borrowing a book; even children knew the word. Two children were one day playing a strange wild game. When asked by a passer-by what it was, they replied "Priation." There are several Russian words that are used in a peculiar sense chiefly by Social Democrats. Some Russians who were returning from abroad shortly after the Great Strike in 1905 were amused at hearing a Social Democrat ask a railway guard whether a certain strike had been "conscious or elemental," for the Social Democrats as a rule distrust the elemental, and believe only in action undertaken on the basis of clearly-defined principles. A "conscious" workingman in the language of the Social Democrats, is one who has received and apprehended the Social Democratic doctrine. Another word that is frequently to be met with in Social Democratic speeches, and pamphlets is one that means literally a stepping out, and is used vaguely in the sense of a great popular movement, preferably an insurrection. Amongst the revolutiona-

ries, too, such newly-coined words are current as "massovka" (for mass meeting), and "massovik" (an attendant on mass meetings), "boyevik" (a member of a fighting band). The word "barri-cades" has become tolerably familiar, though during the Moscow insurrection the cabmen who drove me usually employed the Russian word meaning barriers. One occasionally comes across a sentence like, "the Vyatka 'collective' met on Thursday, and rejected the 'directive' of the Central Committee." Such a sentence is Greek to the uninitiated, but the true Social Democrat realizes at once its revolutionary connotation. The "collective" is the whole body of party workers, agitators, organizers, distributors of literature, etc., while the "directive" is the instructions given by the Central Committee in regard to the tactics to be employed under given circumstances. A case in which the "collective" rejects the "directive" is therefore one of open revolt.

There is a third group of words descriptive of the general attitude to the old régime during the revolutionary period. "Bureaucrat," for instance, has acquired in Russia a peculiarly odious significance. Two workmen were one day quarrelling on the Nevsky Prospekt, and one of them, having exhausted the extraordinarily rich Russian vocabulary of abuse, finally launched against his adversary a crowning insult. "You bureaucrat!" he cried. In much the same way Jews in Vilna vilify each other with the help of the word "Russifier." "The Star Chamber" is a name frequently applied to the inner circle, the "clique" or the "Camarilla" of reactionaries who are supposed to inspire the Tsar's policy. "Dictator" recalls those days in 1905 when the Tsar hesitated between granting a constitution and giving dictatorial powers to Count Ignatieff. How often during the last two years have

hard-driven journalists written of the "many-headed Hydra," "the sword of Damocles," and "Draconian laws;" and "reaction" and "counter-revolution" are words that now sound to thousands like the death-knell of hope.

Finally, the revolution has popularized a number of words that have no direct connection with politics, but describe commonplaces of civilization that have hitherto lain beyond the peasant's habitual range of thought. The words "culture" and "civilization" themselves require explanation, and it is startling to be reminded that the word "port" has been unfamiliar to millions living in the interior. It is touching, too, to note that the word for "holidays" (annual vacation) has hitherto been unknown to the peasant, though it is hardly surprising that the necessity for "physical exercise" has never occurred to him. Now that his attention has been directed to the life and institutions of foreign lands, it is natural that he should ask for explanations of such words as "lord," "lady," and "policeman," while the appearance in a popular guide of such expressions as "rational husbandry," "intensive agriculture," "co-operative societies," suggests that at last a genuine interest has been awakened in more profitable methods of production.

For the present purpose it is perhaps sufficient to note the innovations in the Russian vocabulary. There are many indications that the construction of the language is undergoing a change, but it would be very difficult to determine to what extent the changes in construction are due to a process at work in all living and developing languages, and to what extent directly to the revolution. A comparison between a page of Turgenyeff and a page of a modern writer like Andreyeff certainly reveals striking differences in style. But the contribution of the revolution to the vocab-

ulary stands out distinct and clear. And the contribution has taken the form of a spontaneous development of the language. There is practically no evidence of conscious efforts to modify the current speech. No parties in Russia, for instance, have adopted an ordinance like the resolution passed in 1793 by the Revolutionary Committee of the Department of Tarn declaring that the word "vous" in pronouns and verbs, referring to one person only, is to be expelled from the language of free Frenchmen, and is to be replaced in all cases by the word "tu," nor has any revolutionary organization attempted to enforce the use of the word "citizen," as was done in the days of the French Revolution. Active revolutionaries, it is true, frequently address each other as "thou." I have heard M. Zhilkin, the leader of the Labor Group in the first Duma, relate how quietly in the ardor and enthusiasm of their new common work, the members of the group dropped the formal "you" and began to use in conversation with each other the more intimate "thou." In moments of revolutionary excitement the word "comrade" was very freely used, and on October 31, 1905, the day after the publication of the constitutional manifesto, the word "citizen" flew swiftly from lip to joyful lip. But in all these cases the use of the words was the result of a spontaneous and natural impulse. The changes in the language came about as inevitably as the revolution itself, only in the fervor of the revolutionary movement the laws of language development operated with extraordinary rapidity. A language develops by borrowing from abroad, by throwing into the common fund of speech dialect words, words used by particular castes, cliques, classes and organizations, by the tacit recognition of slang terms as permanent elements of the language, and by the frank invention of new

words for new occasions. In Russia the operation of these processes has been extraordinarily intensified. Words have been borrowed from France, from Germany, and from England; slang has acquired the rights of citizenship, and the pet phrases of cliques and parties have become familiar to the whole nation. But this swift development of the language possesses more than a philological interest. The new movement has thrown down the barriers between class and class, the barriers that the bureaucracy had raised between the intelligentsia and the masses of the people. The cultured element in the nation has for a century been enervated by mere bookishness, by lack of contact with the soil, with real life; while the people, deprived of initiative, and oppressed by the externalism of that merely technical aspect of Western civilization which was imposed on the empire by the bureaucracy, suffered the old rich folk-culture to pass into oblivion, and at the same time it was excluded from its rightful heritage in the swiftly-pulsing life of the culture of the West. But during the last few turbulent years the treasured words and phrases of the intelligentsia have been caught up by the lips of the people, the ideas of the intelligentsia, that is, the ideas of Western culture, have gone abroad and are being slowly, through days of fierce conflict and bitter disappointment, translated into the stable realities of Russian life. It is a difficult time for the intellectuals. The ideals that they cherished in so pure a form, a form untainted by compromise, are being distorted by misapprehension, trampled upon in the mire of common life, molten beyond recognition in fierce furnaces of revolutionary conflict. It is only gradually that the intellectual realizes that from this furnace his ideals will emerge as realities, but in proportion as he does realize this he loses his bookishness, and acquires

something of the sturdiness of the man at the plough. And the man at the plough, having suddenly become aware of the possibility of a broader life, has been filled with a great desire, and is working slowly in his own stolid, patient way to bring about the realization. It is, I think, in the reunion of the severed branches of the Russian

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nation, the gift of the intelligentsia to the people and of the people to the intelligentsia, the fusion of the Western culture with the Russian spirit, the birth of a new form of European—or will it be wholly European?—culture, that the real significance of the recent sudden enrichment of the Russian language lies.

Harold Williams.

IN SEARCH OF HOMES FOR OLD AGE PENSIONERS.

"Me make un 'ome fer moi father? Why, Oi ain't got no 'ome fer messel'."

There was not only surprise and indignation in the man's tone as he spoke, but an odd little touch of sarcasm. What is the world coming to? was the thought in his mind, evidently. What shall I be asked to do next?

He was a great hulking fellow of about forty, with "loafer" written in unmistakable terms in every line in his face, every movement of his body. He looked as strong as an ox, but he trilled his feet as he walked; and as he could find nothing on which to sit, he clung to the wall for support.

A few days previously a very decent old man, in the workhouse perforce, his strength having failed him, had assured me with the ring of true conviction in his voice that, if he had a pension of 5s. a week, his son, beyond whom he had neither kith nor kin, would gladly make a home for him, he knew. And this loafer was his son! I had found him in a sort of annex to a little beer-house, where, as he explained to me, he was allowed to live and given snacks to eat in return for doing odd jobs.

"Wot could the old buffer be thinkin' about?" he continued, meditatively, looking at me the while with an injured air. "'E knows quite well Oi'm just a lone man, and yer see for yersel' 'ow Oi'm placed. Now wot could Oi do wiv 'im 'ere, or enywhere else fer

the matter o' that? 'E'll niver git no more nor foive shillin' a week, yer say; and wot's foive shillin', I'd like ter know? Just yer tell 'im from me 'e's got ter stick where 'e is, and not go botherin'."

And with a surly nod he shuffled off.

He was to stick where he was, poor old man, and he was eating out his very heart in his eagerness to get away, even to his ne'er-do-well son!

I was on a home-hunting expedition at the time! I had a sort of roving commission from certain old workhouse inmates to seek out for them kinsfolk able and willing to provide them, when they should cease to be paupers and become old age pensioners, with food, shelter, and care in return for their 5s. a week. This was the outcome of some inquiries I had been making, in a great London workhouse, for the purpose of discovering how many of the old people there had homes to which they could go, if they each had 5s. to take with them; of discovering, too, incidentally, what sort of homes they were. The matter is one of importance now, it must be remembered; for, as the law stands, workhouse inmates who are above seventy and fairly respectable will have the right, on the first of next January, to leave the workhouse and claim old age pensions. This is a point on which there can be no doubt,

for Section III. (1) of the Old Age Pension Law enacts that until the thirty-first of December 1910, the fact of having received poor relief shall be a bar to receiving an old-age pension, but only until that date, unless indeed "Parliament otherwise determinés."

Thus, when January comes round, these poor old folk will be able to toddle forth, claim their pensions, and start life afresh for weal or for woe, if they choose. And choose they certainly will, for the most part, such of them at any rate as have the strength to toddle. Of that I had ample proof while making my inquiry in this workhouse. For during the many days I spent there I learnt to know 528 of the inmates, 252 old men and 276 old women, and I became on more or less confidential terms with many of them. And the great majority of them were, I found, quite determined to leave the House as soon as ever they could—if ever they could—have pensions.

It was only with the fairly strong that I talked, of course; for whether they have pensions or not, the really infirm must always remain in institutions of some sort, whatever their wishes may be. Still, the whole 528 were above sixty-five, while many of them were far above seventy—they will practically all be seventy by January—and the strongest among them was but a weakling. For even at sixty-five the average working man or woman is nearing the end so far as physical strength goes. None the less, a good three-fourths of them were quite prepared to throw themselves into the struggle of life again. They would there and then have said good-bye to the workhouse gladly, had a pension officer appeared and offered them each a book of pension tickets. Yet, when I asked them where they would go, most of them seemed by no means sure; it was quite evident, indeed, that they had nowhere on earth to go to. Not

but that some even of the most desolate began by giving me a glowing account of the many friends and relatives they had who would be delighted to share homes with them. It was not until much unfounded evidence had been sifted, and many rosy-hued statements had been put to the test, that I realized what a terribly lonely set those poor old people really were.

Out of the 528 whose acquaintance I made, 171 had not a single relative among them, and 94 more were practically in the same position, as, if they had relatives, they had never heard of them. Then 221 had children, each one at least a son or a daughter; and 42, although childless, had brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, or cousins. Thus, out of the whole 528, only 263 had relatives of any sort; and, in the case of 42 of them, the relatives were of the sort that do not count, as they cannot be forced to help. Practically only 221 of these old men and women really had relatives; and, as all the world knows, one may have relatives and yet have no home to go to. More than half of the 221 told me frankly from the first that if they went to their own people they would not be taken in. Only 59, indeed, seemed quite sure, when I asked them, that they each had someone, a son or a daughter, who would take them in and do for them in return for their five shillings a week. And 22 out of the 59 later confessed to me mournfully that they had made a mistake. Their sons or daughters when appealed to had declared that they could not—perhaps would not—give them house room. Only 37 out of 528 were sure they had homes to go to; and there was the chance, of course, that some even of these 37 were counting without their host. Many of the other 491 assured me, it is true, that although they had no relatives willing to receive them, even if they had each five shillings a week, they had many friends

who would do so gladly; and that "friends were a sight better to live with than relatives." To this, however, I paid no heed; for it is hardly probable that anyone who is not a near relative will undertake to house, feed, clothe and tend an old man or woman for so small a sum as five shillings a week. "Old folk give no end of trouble," I am often told. "Keeping them clean takes up all one's time, and five shillings a week ain't much to pay for what they eat and drink, and the damage they do. Besides, they must have somewhere to sleep."

The 37 who were sure they had homes to go to were very sure indeed: 16 of them were old men and 21 old women, and I verily believe that not one of the lot had a doubt in his or her mind on the subject. For the memories of the aged are capricious, and with them the mere wish is more often than not the father to the thought. Not only would their own people take them in, but they would take them in gladly, they each in turn impressed upon me again and again. And when I ventured to suggest that they should allow me to go to see their own people, so as to make quite sure that there was no mistake in the matter, they all agreed cheerfully, evidently pleased that I should learn for myself how thoroughly their own people were to be relied upon. After much cudgelling of brains, each old man and each old woman gave me the address of the son, daughter or grandchild with whom he or she was going to live when an old age pensioner. This done, I started off on my home-hunting expedition, and came across the beerhouse hanger-on. He speedily put to flight any hopes I might ever have had that all these 37 old workhouse inmates would prove really to have, as they thought they had, homes to go to as soon as they had their pensions.

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From the beerhouse I went to a little odds-and-ends shop kept by the married daughter of one of the old men in the workhouse. She seemed a decent, kindly woman, but she was evidently very poor: everything about her, even to the baby in her arms, nay to the very hair on her head, looked poverty-stricken. When I asked her if she could take her father in, she straightway began to cry, and said she only wished she could; for he had been a good father to her, and she hated his being where he was. But her husband would not hear of it, she knew. He had let her take in a sister who had epileptic fits, and that was quite enough, he thought. For they had more children than they knew what to do with, and were sorely pressed for room.

"We couldn't take him in," she kept saying regretfully; "we couldn't, indeed. We are just packed as it is. Why, we haven't even an attic."

My next visit was to a very different sort of woman; there was nothing poverty-stricken about her; on the contrary, she seemed eminently prosperous. When I explained that I had come to see her on behalf of her mother, who was in the workhouse, she looked at me in scornful amazement, and told me indignantly that the old woman in question was no mother of hers!

"You don't suppose that I should allow my mother to be in the workhouse, do you?" she inquired loftily. She admitted that her name was the same as that of the old woman's daughter, and that she lived where the old woman had told me her daughter lived. She even acknowledged that it was curious when I pointed out to her that the likeness between herself and the old woman was striking. None the less she stood by her guns stoutly. The old woman was not her mother, she declared, again and again. She was swearing by all her gods, indeed, when

I left her, that she had never before even heard the old woman's name.

A few days later I came across another case of much the same kind of mistaken identity. In this case, however, it was the daughter-in-law, not the daughter, who assured me that I had come to the wrong house. She, too, seemed prosperous. She lived in a most depressingly respectable district, and was arrayed in white muslin when I called on her. It was not so much that she was indignant as that her feelings were hurt, when she heard why I had come.

"My husband's mother in the workhouse!" she cried, with a hysterical ring in her voice. "What do you mean? In the workhouse with all those low, vulgar creatures that drink? No, indeed, she is not! How could you make such a mistake? My husband so well connected, too, and so particular!"

Never did I hear such an avalanche of protestations and asseverations as she showered down on me to prove that her mother-in-law could not, by any chance, be where I had ventured to say I had seen her. And her voice became shriller and shriller as on she went, and she trembled from head to foot. At length, in the hope of soothing her, I told her what a very nice old lady she was who was in the workhouse; how she was one of whom no one could be ashamed.

"A nice old lady, indeed!" she shrieked, evidently quite wild with anger. "That shows how little you know her. She's nothing but a lying old good-for-nothing."

Then the cat was out of the bag: I had come to the right house after all; but it was a house where the door was barred inexorably against its owner's mother. She and her daughter-in-law had tried living together, it seemed, and it had proved a failure. "If ever that deceitful old wretch enters this house again, I leave it. That my hus-

band knows." These were the last words I heard when I went on my way.

On another occasion I really thought that I had come to the wrong house. An old man, who, I was sure, had been a butler, although he might have been a peer, had given me the address of his wife and daughter; and when I went there I found that it was quite a mansion, in a street where not so very long ago even financiers used to live. I asked to see the daughter, whereupon a tall and singularly graceful woman, with one of the saddest and sweetest of faces, appeared. She looked emphatically a gentlewoman in her long plain black dress. She was a gentlewoman indeed, of that there could be no doubt; a gentlewoman in manner and speech, as well as in appearance. Evidently I had made a mistake, and this I explained to her apologetically. She, however, replied quite composedly that there was no mistake in the matter; the old man in the workhouse was her father.

It had nearly killed her mother to let him go there, she told me; but go he must, not so much because their food supply was running short, although it was running very short, as because he needed attention; and her mother was helpless, stricken with heart disease, while she herself was away all day at work in some shop.

"I could not afford to stay at home to look after him," she said, "for what I earn is all we have to live on—my mother, my brother and myself. As it is, I must sometimes miss a day—I am missing to-day—because my mother is too ill for me to leave her; and then it is a hard pinch, for I cannot earn very much. I wish we could have my father here, for it worries my mother his being where he is; but we cannot, we really cannot. For he must have some one to take care of him and be with him, and out of five shillings a week we could not afford to pay any-

one. Besides, we have only two little rooms, and one of them is no better than a cupboard. I am very, very sorry for him; but what can I do?"

What could she do, indeed? I should have liked to ask her why she, delicate as she looked, did all the earning; why the brother did not do earning too? I should also have liked to ask her why, poverty-stricken as they were, she and her family lived in this great house? But that was impossible, of course; it would have savored of impertinence. All that I could do was to tell her how very sorry I was for her, how much more sorry for her, even, than for her father.

Home-hunting is terribly depressing work. By this time I was beginning to fear that I should never find a single home, no matter how diligently I sought. Fortunately, however, in the very next house I visited, I met a woman who set my mind at rest on that point. For no sooner had I told her my errand, than she exclaimed heartily: "Take in my own mother! I should think I would indeed! I've never had a minute's ease or comfort since she went. I didn't like her going at all, but my man would have it. We couldn't afford to keep her, he said, and I daresay he was right; for it was a real hard struggle. But when she has five shillings a week we shall do nicely. I'll go and tell her so on Sunday." And she beamed with delight at the thought.

Not far from this house I found another which was equally satisfactory from the home-seeker's point of view. Although well within walking distance of Charing Cross, it was a real cottage, oddly enough, with its own little garden; and it was not only clean but spick and span. Its mistress was the daughter of one of the old women from whom I held my commission; and a good-tempered, pleasant-looking body she was. She declared at once, when I told her why I was there, that she

would be real glad to have her mother with her; and that her husband would be glad, too, or, at any rate he would not mind, as the old lady would be no expense when she had her five shillings a week. Not that it was her bit of food he grudged her, she assured me; it was the room. "We had thirteen children then, you see, and them sanitary gentlemen began bothering—they said we were overcrowded. It's different now, we ain't so many at home. Four of the lads are out in the world now, and three of the lasses are here only on Sundays."

I found another home a few days later, but one that did not promise much, I must admit. In the way of comfort. A woman who looked as if she had never smiled in her life told me, when I asked her, that she could, and certainly would, take her mother in if she could have with her five shillings a week. She spoke somewhat grudgingly, as if actuated solely by a stern sense of duty—to herself though, not her mother. The old woman must take care of the children—it would be good for her to have something to do. She must also give to her the whole five shillings every week; for old people did not need money, it only got them into trouble. The daughter was evidently thoroughly respectable; she had quite nice rooms, and they were beautifully clean. None the less, as I listened to her, my feeling was that, if I were her mother, I should think not once or twice, but many times, before leaving even the workhouse to take up my abode with her.

It was on behalf of a very charming old Irishwoman that my next visit was paid. She was so pretty, with her halo of white hair, that it was a positive pleasure to look at her; and her voice was gentle and sweet. She had only one relative, Harry, "the best boy in the wurld, shure," as she had often told me. "Do I know he will have

me?" she exclaimed when I asked her. "Faith I do; why, he'll jump for joy at the chance." And I verily believe that she thought she was speaking the truth. "'Twill be a fine day for him and for me when we get together agen," she added; "I shall keep house for him, ye see. Sure, 't isn't comfortable, nor safe nayther, for a boy such as he to live all alone. But 'twill be all right when I am with him agen, thanks be to God." And she smiled mysteriously and beamingly. Surely anyone would be glad to have her as a housemate, in spite of her seventy-two years, I thought, as I went to the place where her grandson lodged, at the time when she had told me I should find him at home.

He was a fine-looking lad of about two and twenty, with a singularly sensitive face, and a pleasant kindly manner. He had just come home from his work on the railway, he told me, and he was glad that he was in time to see me. The moment I mentioned his grandmother's name, however, there were signs of a storm. His face turned white with anger; his eyes blazed, and he clenched his fists.

"She told you I would make a home for her!" he cried, his voice shaking with passion. "How dare she, the lying old baggage? Why, I wouldn't raise my finger to save her life, and she knows it, the audacious old hypocrite! She didn't tell you, I guess, what she had done?"

He looked at me for a moment, and then whispered, in a tone that would have been melodramatic had it been less evidently sincere: "She insulted the dead corpse of my sister. She, that heartless old monster, came drunk into the room where my only sister lay dead. She came, and she made an uproar. I wonder I did not kill her on the spot."

I went away sorrowful, for it was a pitiable tale that the lad told me. In this case, at any rate, if the old woman

were left homeless, the fault lay with herself. Nor was she the only one of the thirty-seven old people whose commission I held, of whom the same might be said: there were others among them, I found, whom their relatives had good reasons for refusing to receive as housemates. For although in the workhouse they demeaned themselves as saints and martyrs, outside they had played very different rôles. There was one old man who, sitting in his ward, might have served as a model for one of the Pilgrim Fathers, so venerable and benevolent did he look; yet his own daughter, a widow, told me, and quite truthfully, that he had almost been the death of her with his evil drinking ways. It was no fault of hers if he was in the house, she said, for she had tried hard for respectability's sake to keep him out; and she could have kept him out if only he would have stayed at home and taken care of the children. For she had good work to do, only she must go out to do it; and no sooner had she left the house than he, instead of tending the baby, had slipped away to some beer-house to play dominoes.

"I tried giving him beer at home—six half-pints every day," she told me, "but it was all of no use. He said it was dismal and dull staying indoors minding children, and that it was no good being alive if he couldn't see something of life. He led me a pretty dance, I can tell you. I wouldn't have him back again—no, not if he had ten times five shillings a week."

A son also refused to take in his father at any price, although he was paying for his maintenance in the workhouse. The reason he gave was that his mother had been cruelly ill-treated by the old man. "I couldn't eat a bite if he was about after all he made her suffer."

Another man declared that his father should never cross his threshold be-

cause he was nothing but a drunken old wastrel. Then a woman refused to receive her mother because the workhouse was the very best place for her, she assured me, in a very significant tone. What precisely her mother had done, I could not make out; but I was given to understand that she was not at all the sort of person whom a self-respecting daughter could be expected to have to live with her.

So far in my search I had found only three homes, although I had visited thirteen; and one of the three, I am inclined to think, was not worth having. And more disappointments were in store for me, close at hand, too; for the result of the next five visits I paid was nil; as those to whom I paid them were all in much the same position as the beerhouse hanger-on: they had no homes for themselves, let alone for their mothers or fathers. One man, who, as his father had thought, was living in a comfortable little house, I found in a sort of loft, where there was neither bed nor table nor yet fire. There he, with his wife and three children, spent their days and nights, when not tramping about the streets. The place was terribly dirty, and the man was as dirty as the place. He was out of work, he said, and he seemed to have lost all hope of ever being in work again. He looked the veriest personification of misery; still, something akin to a smile lit up his face for a moment when I told him of his father's wish to come and live with him.

"Poor old chap; he was always a good sort," he replied. "I'd like to have him with me, but—" He gave one glance round; it was enough. He shook his head.

A woman who, I had been assured, could quite well make a home for her mother, I found in an attic, at the top of some rickety stairs which no old body could possibly mount without taking her life in her hand. Here, too,

there was a dearth of furniture, as of everything else that smacked of comfort, or even decency. "I'd be glad enough to have mother if I could," the woman said, "but she couldn't come here. We've only this one room, and we can hardly turn in it as it is. I've a husband and children, you see."

In another attic, every whit as poverty-stricken, every whit as overcrowded, a woman stoutly maintained that she could take her mother in quite comfortable. And that she certainly would take her in, as soon as she had five shillings a week, as the old lady would be very useful. As there was, however, no bed for the old lady to sleep in, and no fire at which food for her could be cooked, I could hardly in fairness reckon this as a home.

Then the mistress of a little one-room tenement assured me, and quite reasonably, that it was no good folk's trying to do what they couldn't do; and she couldn't take her father in, as their room was "nobbut a cupboard."

When I went to the next address, I found only a wooden shanty, which had been built seemingly to house tools, not human beings. The place was better inside than outside, however; it was quite decently furnished, indeed, and very clean, although it was swarming with children. The eldest of these was well under twelve, yet they all looked like little old men and women, as they sat there, quite sedately, at tea. Their mother was out at work at the laundry, they told me, and would not be home until after eight.

The woman was washing when I went to her. She seemed very respectable and very tired. She was a widow, and she was trying to support her children without help from the parish, she said, but it was a hard struggle. She was very loath to say she could not take her mother in, yet it was easy to see that she could not. "If only I could get two little rooms, I could

manage it nicely," she declared. "But rooms are terribly dear here, and terribly hard to find, when one has children. I dare not leave where we are, and mother could not live there with her rheumatics."

Again I was in the Slough of Despond: the thirty-seven old workhouse inmates had all been so sure that they each had a home to go to, if only they had pensions; and by this time I knew that out of the eighteen whose own people I had visited, fifteen were mistaken, their own people would not—most of them indeed could not—take them in. It seemed almost useless to continue the search, and perhaps I should not have continued it, had I not had proof, in the course of the next few days, that things were not quite so bad as they seemed. For I found two homes, and one of them a very good home, although in most unpromising surroundings. It was over some stables, in a mews, and the way to it was up what was little better than a ladder. Once there, however, the place was most comfortable, and clean as a new-made pin. The kitchen was one that any old woman might have been glad to live in, so cheery was it; and its mistress was as cheery as itself. When I told her why I had come, her whole face beamed. "Take mother in? I should think I would, indeed! I would never have let her go, but my man was out of work, and—why, you know what it is when one's man is out of work. If she had stayed, she would have had to starve. I should have liked to have her back as soon as we were here, but he was all for waiting a bit. He's one of the cautious sort; he's made like that. He won't say a word against her coming, though, when she's five shillings a week. Yes, you can tell her I shall be only too glad to have her—but I'll go and tell her myself."

My next visit was to a woman of the "shabby genteel" class. Her

mother had, I knew, seen better days, and "seen better days" was written plainly both on the daughter's face and her husband's. Although they were living in respectable rooms, they looked as if they had not for years had quite enough to eat, and had never, in the whole course of their lives, seen a really good fire. They both seemed hopelessly depressed, depressed as they only can be whose whole life is a long struggle to make one penny do a threepenny piece's work. "Yes," they said, "the old lady might certainly come if she chose, and they would try to make her comfortable. They would be well pleased to have her, indeed, and her five shillings would be a great help."

I thought of that man's exclamation, "Wot's folve shillin', I'd lolke to know!" Evidently to the shabby genteel five shillings is something well worth having, whatever it may be to loafers.

Thence I went to a better class artisan's house, where both the husband and wife were at home. The woman—it was she who in this case was the relative—said at once that she would like to have her mother to live with her, and could find room for her quite easily. She glanced at the man nervously however, as she spoke; with good reason, too, for he promptly declared that he would have no old women in his house. Who would look after him, he would like to know, if she took to looking after her mother? In the house of another artisan, though one of a much poorer class, the daughter-in-law of the old woman for whom I was seeking a home assured me that her husband would, she knew, be very glad to have his mother to live with them, when she had five shillings a week; and that she herself would be very glad, too.

"It don't seem natural like, for her to be up there all by herself, and us so comfortable here. We weren't married, you see, when he let her go. He's al-

ways paid for her, of course, but that ain't the same thing. She ought to be here, by her own son's fireside; that I've always said. He, her only son, too! It ain't as if we had a houseful of bairns. We've only one little girl, and she ain't so strong as we'd like her to be."

Four other daughters-in-law whom I visited seemed to take a fundamentally different view of what men owe to their parents; for each one of them in turn straightway began to make excuses when asked to take in her husband's father.

"No, that wouldn't do at all," the first of the four declared, "for my mother lives with us, and the two old people would quarrel."

"No, indeed, I should hate to have an old man pottering round all day, upsetting everything," the second informed me quite cheerfully. "I like to have my house to myself, and my husband too."

"We couldn't afford it," said the third. "An old man costs a lot more than five shillings a week; and then there's all the worry and bother."

"I couldn't take anybody in, no, not if he was an angel, and rich, too!" the fourth assured me. "As it is, I can't get across the kitchen floor without tumbling over somebody."

Meanwhile I had written to the son of one old woman, and the daughter of another, as they lived too far away for me to go to see them. Neither the son nor yet the daughter could, however, provide a home.

"I have ten children to support, and I have been very hard hit," the son wrote, "or I should not let her stop there, but for the time being she is safer where she is. She is sure of being kept warm and clean, and of her food."

As for the daughter, this is the reply she sent:

"Just a line in answer to your kind letter, which I was very glad to receive,

but very sorry to say I shall not be able to find a home for Mother, as I am in very poor circumstances myself, having a large family myself. I should have to go to a lot of expense myself to get things for Mother, which I cannot afford."

In the course of my search there were several days when I did not find a single home; there was one day, however, my red-letter day, when I found no fewer than three homes. Two of these were in one house, and were for a very respectable old married couple. Their son, who had a little shop, told me that he had long been hoping to be able to take them both out of the workhouse; and that he had a few weeks before offered to take his mother out, but that she would not leave his father. As soon as they had pensions, they should certainly both of them come to live with him; on that he was quite determined. For the workhouse was not at all the place, for them, he said. They ought never to have gone there, and they never would have gone, had he not been ill just when evil days had overtaken them.

The third home I found that day was in a cellar; it was half a cellar, in fact, one into which neither sunshine nor fresh air ever entered. Its owner was a thin white-faced middle-aged woman, who, judging by her appearance, had never known anything but hard work and trouble. Never did I see anyone who looked so tired, so completely worn-out. None the less, her eyes brightened at once when I told her I knew her mother, and she flushed with evident pleasure when I explained why I had come to see her.

"It would be real nice to have mother here," she exclaimed. "I've so often wished she could come, for things wouldn't be half so bad as they are if we were together; and I'm sure I could make her comfortable. You think she'd cost me more than five shillings a

week? Well, if she does, I must work a bit harder, that's all." She tried to smile as she spoke, but she failed; and the old weary look came into her face again; for she was a seamstress and knew well what working a bit harder meant. Still, even then, she was as bent as ever on having her mother with her, and the last words she said to me were "You've made me real glad, for I was just beginning to be afraid that I should never be able to have her."

This was the last visit I paid; for although I had still the names and addresses of five relatives on my list, not one of the five could be traced; either they had never lived at the address given, or they had lived there and gone away. I was at the end of my search, and I had found only nine homes. And those poor old folk had been so sure that I should find thirty-seven! Out of all that huge company in the workhouse, 528 old men and women, there were only thirty-seven who had believed that they had homes with their own people to which they could go, if they had old age pensions, and only nine who really had homes. Out of 528 only nine—one old man and eight old women—had anywhere where they could betake themselves, had any relative able and willing to give them shelter. None the less, as the law stands, the whole 528, excepting such

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as are very disreputable, will be able to claim pensions next January, and wander forth uncared for where they will. And they are all very old and most of them feeble, much too feeble to live alone and tend themselves; and they will have only five shillings a week each wherewith to pay for their food, clothes, fires, lights and lodging—this means they will be half-starved.

Before January comes, the law may be altered, of course, although there is not much chance that it will be; as all parties alike are now practically pledged to allow paupers to become old-age pensioners when they are seventy. It behoves us, therefore, surely to see that refuges of some sort are provided for old age pensioners who are alone in the world and feeble; as otherwise many poor old folk will bring not only great misery on themselves but great expense and inconvenience on the community. These refuges must be quite apart from the workhouse, or no respectable old age pensioner will resort there. They must be much humbler, more homelike places than workhouses, and much less costly. Above all, they must be places where decent old men and women can betake themselves without any feeling of shame; places therefore where the vicious and degraded are not allowed to enter.

Edith Sellers.

THE HAUNTED BUNGALOW.

Major Carton's kitmutgar waited with the patience of the East for his sahib's wife, waited on the veranda which ran round three sides of the colonel sahib's bungalow. The two ladies had been dining together. The man carried a small oil-lantern; he could hear the gay voice of his mistress as she bade her hostess a very prolonged good-night, but he was not supposed to

understand English spoken in conversational fashion, only orders when they were very clearly and emphatically phrased. He had been told to be at Harding sahib's bungalow at half-past ten, bringing with him a lantern to guide hesitating feet across a dark compound a little distance along a road until his mem-sahib was at home again. He had accompanied her to the house,

and stood behind her chair while she dined.

The rooms opened on to the veranda; in one, two English ladies talked; in another, an ayah moved noiselessly about setting everything in order for the night. In this room only a tiny lamp burned dimly, but the woman stepped here and there unhesitatingly. Close by the doorway, on the outside of which hung a purdah, she had deposited a bundle containing a thick mat and wadded quilt; since the master was away she would sleep across the threshold of her *mem-sahib's* room. The sound of voices reached her very clearly from the drawing-room; as she arranged the room that evening she sighed and shivered persistently. Perhaps it was because the nights were bitterly cold, and in her own quarters she would have crouched over the glow of a charcoal fire.

It was time to go, but at the very moment of departure Mrs. Carton asked her hostess a question: "Tell me, are you ever frightened in this place?" She cast nervous glances round the long, low room full of shadows. "I ought not to have said that," the visitor added impulsively; "it's only because I am such a coward, you know."

Mrs. Harding laughed. "Your ayah has been telling you tales."

Mrs. Carton gave a little gasp of relief. "There, you know the story after all, and think nothing of it. A thousand times I've longed to ask if you ever heard queer sounds or saw anything here. Charlie declared you had not a notion this was called 'The Haunted Bungalow'; he said your husband had told him so."

"Of course I know the story. Far be it from me to teach you to think anything except that Major Carton is the wisest man in India, after my husband. As it happens, I do know the story, every word of it. What is more, I sleep in the very room she crept out

from on her hopeless errand, poor dear."

"Tell me the real story," urged Mrs. Carton. "Charlie declares he does not know it. He tells fibs shamelessly."

"Is it good for the nerves to be told a ghost-story at night? There's no real ghost about it, though—not that I should be afraid of any one as splendidly brave as she was; but I have never seen a thing or heard uncanny noises except those made by rats and other crawling beastesses. When you hear the true story you will never be afraid of this bungalow again. Come, I believe I understand why you refused my urgent invitation to stay here while we are alone. Years ago, just before the outbreak of the Mutiny, Mrs. Martyn, the wife of the colonel of a regiment stationed here, was alone with the servants; the regiment had been out in cholera-camp, but was to march in next day with a clean bill of health. Her ayah slept in her room. She woke in the night, to hear voices whispering, sat up noiselessly in the dark to catch every word, heard enough to know that an awful scheme was on foot, then lay down again, no doubt wondering if she could have dreamed the horror. Those out in camp, quite unprepared for any evil, were to be set on by Sepoys on that road we now call the Drive. You know the great heap of rocks that seems so out of place, and which all new-comers think so picturesque? Well, it was there the massacre took place. The ayah who afterwards told the story declared her mistress heard her bargaining with these devils to spare her life. Mrs. Martyn must have felt blank and utter despair. What could she do?

"One can only imagine everything that passed through her mind; but it is a fact that while it was still dark she crept out of bed and wrapped herself in the ayah's chuddah, which the woman sleeping on her mat had left folded at her feet. Thus disguised, the

Englishwoman stole out into the compound, hoping to get out to warn those marching in. Ah, one can picture it all! In these days our soldiers live in a state of preparedness, but not then—not then! In the compound she was set upon and stabbed to death; they thought, you see, that it was the ayah who had betrayed them. Will you tell me if any one could be afraid of the spirit of such a brave woman? She was going to do what she could, and at the risk of her own life. It is only the natives who are afraid of the bungalow, and declare, among themselves, that it is haunted. But if you asked my ayah, good, faithful soul, at this moment, she would declare there was no truth in the story as I tell it; yet *the* ayah was her own grandmother. She would assure you the colonel's mem-sahib died of cholera. An advance-party of the regiment coming in to make ready for the others was literally cut to pieces, and two English officers died with them. That's the story. Is it one to make us afraid, and for husbands—well-meaning husbands—to conceal?"

"That poor woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Carton. "Well, I am glad I don't live here. If I did I should think of her too much. I wish husbands were truthful people. Ours have assured us their absence is caused only by a fear that the cantonment water-supply is not of the best, that it was necessary to inspect the source and to meet that engineer man, whose name I can't remember. I am certain that water has nothing to do with their absence. They are desperately afraid those men in Keranchi jail who were caught here will be let off too easily, and they have simply gone armed with all kinds of dreadful facts proving sedition and everything else, added to bomb-making, because it was not wise to write them. There! And they talk to us about the cantonment water-supply! They were always

interviewing natives after dark in the adjutant's office. My ayah says the bazaars are full of talk—bad talk, and—I think I'll go," she added quaintly, "while I have anything approaching a nerve left with which to cross the compound."

"Don't indulge in bad dreams, my dear," urged Mrs. Harding. "Remember how strong Englishmen in India are to-day; just think of that and be proud. Besides, remember also how we vowed to obey. If it pleases our lordly husbands to deceive, should we object?" She laughed gaily; people always said Mrs. Harding was the cheeriest woman in the station. "Shall we send for your night-things, and will you stay here? Don't imagine you'll be lucky enough to see a ghost, because you won't."

"No, no; let me go," said Mrs. Carton hastily. "Charlie will be back to-morrow, and doubtless I shall be telling him everything—all my cowardice and silly fears. Somehow, I always do; and he vows to tell me everything, and never does. I'm certain, too, he thinks all the time how splendidly wise he is, and it's fearfully annoying." Then she laughed and declared she would get her cloak.

Mrs. Harding clapped her hands. Instantly and noiselessly, without even the click of bangles or anklets, her own ayah appeared with the cloak and hood. The guest shuddered and grimaced. "If only they would make a little noise when one's nerves are all on edge!"

She looked a pretty, dainty little creature, one to be taken care of, lifted over rough places. Was it wise to let her go? Doubtfully the hostess went with her to the veranda, where there waited the submissive figure of the kit-mutgar. The lantern burned dimly; he had waited long. Mrs. Carton would not hear of another being brought; it would serve splendidly for the little distance she had to go.

"Then I shall wait," declared Mrs. Harding, "until I hear you call 'Good-night.'"

"It shall be 'All's well!'" answered the other gally—"all's well!" So, cheerily she stepped into the dark compound. Mrs. Harding wished she had insisted on keeping her friend. It was not many minutes before two words reached her, not "All's well!" but "Good-night." Echo seemed to catch and prolong the sounds so familiar to India from English voices—used, too, even by the natives themselves. What a forgetful little person Mrs. Carton was not to have remembered the words were to be "All's well!" Perhaps, when reaching the bungalow, from which the master so dearly loved was absent, she had felt she could not say them. Still, to-morrow everything would be well indeed.

Mrs. Harding knew the danger of allowing thoughts their way at night, so she went briskly into her own room. There the ayah brushed her beautiful hair, the only attraction she possessed, as she often told herself; the dark, lithe fingers seemed to linger on it caressingly. Were there, in any other country of the world, such devoted servants as those of India? This woman simply insisted on sleeping like a faithful dog near her mistress. Well, the sooner to sleep the quicker would come the happy hour of the return.

What was it—a dream—that long and steady pressure on her hand? Eleanor Harding woke; it was still dark, so the coming of the ayah with her chota hazri had not roused her. Besides, Chua would never touch her hand like that. There were voices; she heard them distinctly. Again came the pressure on her hand. Why, it was a dream; she was going through the story she had told to Mrs. Carton! Voices!—whispering voices! Suddenly realization came to her; she was not asleep

but wide awake, listening to the tones of her own ayah speaking with some one, if not in the room, on the threshold. The voices were very low, and yet she knew what they were saying:

"The sahib of her who sleeps here will return in the morning. We know the hour; we know all; nothing is hid from us, for we have eyes and ears everywhere. Yes, they ride back, the proud sahibs, and the three with them! Now, who shall throw blame or say evil words if one of the three falls, and comrades hasten from their saddles to help? The other two ride on. Never again will they send men of our kin to jail for writing and speaking true words to those of their own race. Now, why weep? It shall be a worthy lot to comfort the mem-sahib who will listen in vain for the strong step of him she calls Beloved. If not this hour, surely it will be the next! Then he will be carried home, the other sahib also, to his place. Loud can be raised the voices in mourning! Peace! All will be as I have said. Shall papers be sent, with words upon them not good for our race, by Harding sahib, to make woe and distress? These papers are here in my hand. They buy in their own country boxes with locks that they think good. Peace! When they search for his papers, lo, there will be none! The evil and the trouble will die with him. Peace now. I go!"

The Englishwoman lay stiff and straight on her pillows. Oh, the bitter horror of it all, the horror of helplessness! There was a movement in the room, a glimmer of light. The ayah Chua crept across to the bed, came to see if her mistress slept. With a supreme effort the Englishwoman forced her lips into the smile of one who dreams happily. The cautious feet stole away again. Eleanor Harding opened her eyes and peered round the familiar room, the very room in which another woman years before had

been roused to hear the details of evil plans whispered. With a touch of comfort she remembered that long, lingering pressure on her hand: were the forces of the invisible world to be ranged on her side in an effort to save? She had felt that tender touch, not imagined or dreamed it. How came it that she had heard distinctly those whispered words? She must fight against the cloud of horror threatening to engulf her senses, to make clear thought impossible. If she gave way to terror nothing could be done. She must lie very, very still and work out a plan. Two Englishmen in the year 1909 riding home to a peaceful station, men who had unhesitatingly and ceaselessly advocated the strong, firm hand in India, would be murdered on a quiet road a little more than a couple of miles away! She seemed to see clearly before her the pile of rocks, the nullah on the farther side. There the murderers would hide, and shoot with deadly precision. Shoot! A quiver of pain racked her limbs. Shoot! They would throw their horrible bombs! Ah, the agony of lying still! Could she have ever dreamed that her comfortable charpoy would become a place of torture? She must not think of herself. She went over the story she had told to Isabel Carton.

Mrs. Martyn, roused by voices, had waited a short time until she felt sure her ayah slept, had then risen, tried to disguise herself, crept out on to the veranda to take a few steps through the compound, only to be struck down by cruel knives, the knives of those who thought it was the ayah on her way to betray them. These men had promised to spare the life of the Englishwoman. She had done what she could, and failed. There was a lesson to learn from the pathetic story, the hard lesson of lying perfectly still through the dark hours of loneliness. In some way or other she must reach those rocks on

the Drive, the upper road, before the men riding home from Kerauchi, tell them of the horrible ambush, and persuade them to make a wide detour by the lower, rougher road. Yes, this must be done. But she knew her husband; she knew Major Carton. What would they say and do? Would they consent to ride round another way? Would they not insist on riding up to those rocks and—— Her presence might force them to turn their backs on danger. She could even see the expression on her husband's face as he listened to her story and agreed to do what she urged. It would be agony to him; his would-be murderers would instantly guess she had brought a warning, and how they would triumph in secret over the two who rode away! Another thought came to her. Over and over again the recent murders in India had been declared to be the work of one man, the planning of one brain; men on trial had owned as much. Hitherto it had been impossible even to guess at the identity of the arch-fiend; but Colonel Harding had one night confided to his wife, when she reproached him for working so persistently over masses of papers, that he believed that fortunate circumstances had put him on the track of the right man.

She shivered again. Those words spoken to her in English, talked over in the adjutant's office guarded by a sentry, had they been overheard?

Was there the smallest danger in ordering her horse very early in the morning and bidding the syce accompany her on the upper road, the Drive? Often she had ridden thither, and had as often passed the silent, dreary pile of rocks. Was there danger? She knew the voice of her own ayah, but not that of the other whisperer in the dark. Was it one of their own servants? At least it was some one known to the dogs, because there had not been one disturbing bark. If the syce were

also in the league against his master? Smouldering fires might burst into flame through the apparently simple order. What if she were forcibly prevented from taking her morning ride? If not that, could she keep calm and cool if she were told it would be impossible for Huzoor, the horse she loved so dearly, to carry his mistress that morning, since he was "sick, very sick indeed"? What should she do, how plan wisely enough there in the dark, with horror and terror for company? Then again she remembered that pressure on her hand; she had been helped then: might she not be helped again? Had God in His mercy sent her a messenger who had passed through the torture she was experiencing? What if death lay at the end of the road she must tread? Let her see her husband once more face to face, just once more, and though she was young and strong, with no wish to die, she would be quiet and submissive. The thought of him and his agony for her brought scalding tears to her eyes; she remembered promises made by English husbands to devoted wives of swift death by a merciful revolver held by the hands they loved best rather than that they should fall into the hands of deadly foes.

What should she do—what could she do?

At length plans took shape. She would rise early, a little earlier than usual, and would not order her horse at all, but walk across to Mrs. Carton's bungalow, and— No, no, not tell her—most certainly not; but Mrs. Carton had two riding-horses; she would borrow one and suggest that they ride together, pretending to turn their faces from Keranchi. And then—and then— Well, with another woman she might do it, but not with Mrs. Carton. The only thing would be to persuade the little lady not to ride that morning, but to save herself for her husband's coming, and promise to ex-

ercise her favorite for her, pretend gaily to try his paces. Would this idea serve? Ah, how foolish she was, how badly she planned! She would go to the adjutant, tell him her story, and beg him, instead of going to the firing-range, to order an early route-march along the Upper Drive Road. Let them take possession of the rocks as a point of observation. Mrs. Harding was not a soldier's wife for nothing. But what if they talked soothingly to her of nightmare and other evils which pass away with the night? What if Major English (acting second in command) and Captain Addison, the adjutant, refused to listen? What then—what then? If one of them offered to go himself, even with an escort, to prove there was nothing to fear, other lives might be sacrificed—sacrificed in vain. Perplexity and horror! horror and perplexity! Ah that she might dare to strike a match, rise from her bed, move about, pretend to search for a book, do something instead of lying there waiting for the dawn that seemed so long in coming!

One course made itself perfectly clear: she must do nothing unusual, but meet the day just as she had met other days, act as if those whispering voices in the dark had never disturbed her rest. Ah! it was not those sounds that roused her, but the persistent and repeated pressure on her hand. Each moment, dragging by, made her feel how hopelessly inadequate was any plan she made. She must just trust that as she had been called back from sleep, so she would be helped, when the moment for action came, to do the wisest thing, not only for the safety of her dear husband but for India too.

At length, with the suddenness of the East, the day broke. Mrs. Harding heard her ayah move and stir. Ah, thank God! something she touched rattled and fell noisily to the floor. It gave her the excuse for stirring she

needed; so she moved sleepily, and then called in a voice of reproach, "Chua, what tamasha is this? Day is not here yet."

"It is early yet, mem-sahib," came the submissive voice. "Rest again."

"Rest again! That I cannot, for you have roused me. My chota hazri, quick! But I do not need Huzoor; tell the syce that. Truly, it is vexing that you have waked me so early."

Ah! there was comfort in watching the woman go out of the room, pressing fingers to aching eyes, even to push aside the mosquito-curtains and feel for slippers placed on a table out of reach of enterprising rats and ants. In her dressing-case was a box of rouge, used carefully when the hot weather made her look haggard and yellow; a touch of it now, and there would be no ghastly pallor for the ayah to notice when she brought tea and toast. Mrs. Harding slipped back to her charpoy, the place of her long torture. It seemed interminable ages before the tea and toast appeared. It was strange to hear all the familiar sounds, the water poured into the tub in her bathroom, everything as usual. Still exercising supreme courage, she forced herself to dress carefully and slowly, even when Chua prepared to do her hair to be patient and particular. And yet she could have screamed at each touch of the brown fingers.

At length, in her sun-hat, with its white pugaree, she passed out on to the veranda, and called the dogs, her own dear dogs, who came scuttering gaily to meet her. It was very difficult to keep the tears from her eyes. Once out of the compound, Mrs. Harding had the greatest difficulty in keeping her rigid self-control; she wanted to run quickly to get within reach of the sound of comforting voices, the touch of strong and confident hands. The bungalows, each in its own compound, with smoke rising from the various fires in

the servants' huts, looked so familiar, so secure; would it be difficult to obtain belief for her story? That difficulty, she felt, it would be impossible to bear; she had forced herself to keep calm and quiet through the dreary night, but if she had now to fight against incredulity she knew it would break her down completely, make her feeble, powerless, hysterical. Ah, she must keep her wits about her! Would it be better to trust to herself, borrow one of Mrs. Carton's horses, appear gay and unconcerned, and make her way alone by the lower road until she reached the little party riding in from Keranchi?

Distracted with conflicting thoughts, she closed her eyes, heedless of the dear dogs leaping round her, thought of the invisible hosts, "the hosts of the Lord," and prayed for help. She was out on the road, wondering which way to turn, what to do, but walking steadily forward, her big white umbrella used as a stick; she felt as if she needed all its help. She lifted her eyes, to see horsemen cantering gaily towards her; the dogs, in a joyous rush, had left her side. Could it be her husband on his big black charger, with Major Carton on his horse with the white star on the forehead—the horse they called Luck? Behind cantered the four who made up the escort. The earth swayed; everything about her was falling, falling, just when the man she loved was so near. She must fight for courage, not foolishly behave there in such a fashion as to excite the attention of dangerous, watching eyes when there was so much need for caution.

Courage came with a rush when a strong voice called to her, "Eleanor, how often have I told you not to get up so early? If you could see your face!"

She pressed her fingers firmly to trembling lips. Major Carton saluted, said something—she could never remember his words or her reply—and turned in at his own gates.

Colonel Harding sprang from his horse, kept the reins in one hand, and slipped the other into his wife's arm. "Eleanor, you look like a ghost, and you have been haunting me; that is why I am here so early. Regular nightmare! I dropped asleep after dinner, and saw you lying in bed, stiff and straight, with wide-open eyes, listening to voices in your room. I saw other figures, but not distinctly. It made me deuced uncomfortable, but I put it down to indigestion. We turned in early, for that brute of a dream came back as soon as I fell asleep. I woke up, then dreamed it again. I couldn't stand it any longer, roused Carton, and told him I must get back here. He suggested, good chap as he is, that we should start then and there, so here we are! Tell me I'm a fool!"

She did nothing of the kind. "Dear"—she struggled pitifully to speak steadily—"it's all true, every word. Take me somewhere, not to our bungalow, where I can tell you everything. I can't talk there."

Chambers's Journal.

Colonel Harding's grip on her arm tightened. "We'll go to the adjutant's office. Sweetheart, no wonder you look a ghost!"

In a plain little room, with the serviceable table and chairs, he heard the story of a woman's pluck. He listened silently, but the look in his eyes was enough for the woman's heart. Then he made plans swiftly and well that strengthened the nets he was spreading. In less than an hour's time he stood in his dressing-room unlocking the great despatch-box in which, on account of its two excellent locks, he considered papers safe. Had Eleanor dreamed as well as he? For there lay the papers just as he had left them.

But when Mrs. Harding called her ayah there came no voice in answer. At length a young woman came running and salaamed at the lady's feet: "A strange and swift illness had seized upon Chua, who had served long and well, and, lo! in a little moment she was dead."

M. F. Hutchinson.

NAPOLEON IN ITALY.

As I creep humbly through this proud and prodigious Italy, peeping into palaces and passing yearningly before masterpieces, to the maddening chatter of concierges and sacristans, I am constantly stumbling upon the footsteps of him who made the grand tour in the high sense of the words. Not the British heir of bygone centuries with his mentor and his letters of introduction, not even his noble father with the family coach. No, these were pigmies little taller than myself. Your sublime tourist was Napoleon, who strode over the holy land of Beauty like a Brobdingnagian over Lilliput. He came, he saw, he commanded. He looked at a picture, a pillar, a statue—

and despatched it to France. He gazed at Lombard's iron crown—and put it on. He beheld Milan Cathedral—and it became the scene of his coronation, with blessing of clergy and the old feudal homage. He perceived an ornate ducal bed—and slept in it, the poor duke a-cold. He rode through the ancient streets, not Baedeker, but cocked hat in hand, graciously acknowledging the loyal cheers of the ancient stock. He visited Venice—and wound up the Republic. He admired St. Mark's—and haled its bronze horses to Paris; transferring to it the Patriarchate as in compensation. The Patriarchal Palace itself he turned into barracks; superfluous monasteries and

churches were shut up. He even destroyed, doubtless in the same righteous indignation, the lion's head over "the lion's mouth" in the Palace of the Doges, while the *Bucentaur*, their gorgeous galley, he burnt to extract the gold.

But he was not merely destructive and rapacious. The founder of the Code Napoléon repaired the amphitheatre of Verona, and resumed the neglected building of the façade of Milan Cathedral, and opened up the Simplon route to Italy, and marked its terminus by the Triumphal Arch of Milan. And all this and a hundred other feats of construction in the breathing-spaces of his Titanic single-handed fight against embattled Europe. Not seldom, as I passed my wood-shop in Venice, with its calligraphic placard *All' Ingresso e al Minuto*, did I think of the Corsican superman, with his wholesale and retail dealings with the little breed of mankind. Perhaps to establish "the Kingdom of Italy," with twenty-four departments and his son-in-law as viceroy, and to turn the little district of Bassano into a duchy for his secretary were, to Napoleon, feats of the same apparent calibre. Even so we stride as carelessly over a brooklet as over a puddle. Surely there is a fascinating book to be written on Napoleon in Italy, as a change from the countless Napoleons in St. Helena or the flood of foolish volumes upon his mistresses.

And a final appraisal of Napoleon still remains to seek. The little fat man who had "the genius to be loved," and who provided for his family by seating them on European thrones, has long since ceased to be the ogre with whom British babes were frightened, though he has not yet become Heine's divine being done to death by British Philistinism. Carlyle classed him among his "Heroes" and credited him with insight because, when those around him proved there was no God,

he looked up at the stars and asked, "Who made all that?" But this was surely no index of profundity—merely a theism of Pure Reason and an illustration of Napoleon's peculiar interest in action. "Who made all that?" Making, doing, that was his essential secret—unresting activity, rapid striking, utilization of every moment. He was as alert after victory as others after defeat. Was one combination destroyed, his nimble and exhaustless energy instantly fashioned an alternative. Mobility of brain and immobility of soul—these were his gifts in a crisis. When all was lost and himself a captive, "What is the use of grumbling?" he asked his attendants. "Nothing can be done." The tragedy of Napoleon was thus the obverse of the tragedy of Hamlet, whose burden lay precisely in there being something to be done. Imagine the great demiurge at work in these days of telegraphy and steam, motor-cars and aeroplanes. What might he not have achieved! As it was, he just missed creating the United States of Europe. Anatole France accuses him of having taken soldiers too seriously. As well accuse an engineer of taking cranes and levers too seriously. Soldiers were the indispensable instruments by which Napoleon raised himself to the level of those more commonplace rulers of Europe who had found their cradles suspended on the heights. It is the German Emperor who takes soldiers too seriously, who marshals them with the solemnity of a child playing with his wooden regiments. And the Kaiser, already in the purple, has not Napoleon's excuse. His is simply a false and reactionary view of life, as of a housemaid who adores uniforms. But Napoleon would have played his Machiavellian game equally with grocers; and, indeed, his lifelong ambition to sap British commerce was conceived in the spirit of a Titanic tradesman, who knows better

than to count corpses. He was the mediæval despot magnified many diameters, playing with countries and nations instead of with towns and tribes, and sweeping in his winnings across the green table of earth as in some game of the gods. As a Messiah of Pure Reason, an Apostle of the People, he was able, like Mohammed, to back the Word with the Sword, and, less veracious than the prophet of the desert, to combine for the making of History its two great factors of force and fraud. Through him, accordingly, history made a leap, proceeding by earthquake and catastrophe instead of by patient cumulation and attrition. He was a cosmic force—a force of Nature, as he truthfully claimed—a *terremoto* that tumbled the stagnant old order about the ears of Courts and Churches.

True, after the earthquake the old slow, stubborn forces reassert themselves; but the configuration of the land has been irrevocably changed. The *Maya*, the illusion of Royalty, comes slowly back, for it is a world of unreason. But the feudal order throughout Europe will never wholly recover from the shock of Napoleon. Unfortunately, from a Messiah he glided into a Magnificent One, and the marriage with Marie Louise, at first perhaps a mere cold-blooded chess-move to establish his dynasty, subtly reduced him into accepting Royalty at its own and the popular valuation. He had married beneath him, and Nemesis followed. The dyer's hand was subdued to that it worked in, and Napoleon sank into a snob. His true Waterloo was spiritual. The actual Waterloo was a moral victory.

There is in Milan a queer museum called "The Gallery of Knowledge and Study," the collection of which was begun by a "Noble Milanese," and the first catalogue of which was published in Latin in 1666. Here, amid sea-

shells, miniatures, old maps, pottery, bronzes, silkworm analyses, and old round mirrors in great square frames, may now be seen a pair of yellow gloves which once covered the iron hands, together with the cobbler's measure of that foot which once stamped on the world. There is an air of coquetry about the pointed toe. A captain's brevet, signed by the "First Consul" and headed "French Republic," serves as a reminder of the earlier phase. The humor of museums has placed these relics in a case with those of other "illustrious men"—to wit, two Popes and Saint Carlo, the dominant saint of the district (who is just celebrating his tercentenary).

But the Triumphal Arch remains Napoleon's chief monument at Milan, though it is become a sort of Vicar of Bray in stone. For when Napoleon fell the Austrian Emperor replaced the chronicle of French victories by bas-reliefs of defeats and re-christened it an Arch of Peace. And when in turn Lombardy was liberated by Victor Emmanuel new inscriptions converted it into an Arch of Freedom. One can imagine the stone singing, like the Temple of Memnon at sunrise:

But whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the Arch of Triumph.

Such mutations in the significance of monuments, however they deface and blur history, are not unnatural amid the vicissitudes of Italy; and after all an arch or a pillar is but an arch or a pillar.

But even a statue is liable to be dethroned. In Rimini in 1614 the Commune, grateful to the Pope (Paolo V.), commemorated him in bronze in the beautiful Piazza of the Fountain, the Fountain whose harmonious fall pleased the ear of Leonardo da Vinci. The statue is elaborate and handsome, with bas-reliefs in the seat and the Papal mantle, showing in one place

the city in perspective. But during the Cisalpine Republic, thanks again to Napoleon, no Pope could keep his place in Rimini, and as the simplest way of preserving him on this favored site the municipality erased his epitaph and re-christened him Saint Gaudenzo. Gaudenzo was the martyr Bishop of Rimini, the Protector of the City. This unearned increment was not the Saint's first, for the Church of S. Gaudenzo had been erected on the basis of a Tem-

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ple of Jove. To annex the glories of both Jove and Pope is indeed a singular fortune, even in the ironic changes and chances we call history. But Napoleon, in the days when he ordered the Temple of Malatesta to be the Cathedral of Rimini, was annexing even the functions of both Pope and Jove. For he was also rearranging Europe after Austerlitz and giving the quietus to the Holy Roman Empire.

I. Zangwill.

COLDS.

Man, says Persius, is a very noble piece of work; and is indeed king of kings, except at those times when he is troubled with a cold in his head. If it be not Persius, it was Horace or Juvenal. But the poverty and the flatness of the little joke—*nisi cum pituita molesta est*—are more like Persius. For he lived with his aunt and his grandmother, which is no fit place for a satirist. And the only reason why Persius is taught to schoolboys is that schoolmasters get so tired of hearing the boys in the great Latin writers. Anyhow, a cold in the head, a bad one, does rob us of our dignity, comfort, and well-being.

Yet, in this hard world, it is an apt occasion for stoical indifference; and a philosopher should abide a cold patiently, and be glad that he has not a worse malady. It bids us be thankful for that perfect health which in two or three days will come back to us. It heightens the delight of a good fire, a hot bath, and a long night in bed. It underlines the blessed fact that the summer is sure to be here in due time. It is an excuse for our deliverance out of stupid engagements to dinners and evening parties. We cannot guess the number of bad speeches that have been stopped by it, nor the gain to society

from the enforced seclusions of so many bores; and one might venture to defend the argument, that all colds do some good. Still, there are too many of them.

It is a fact of great interest, that they are so common. Why is it that we are so heavily subject to them? Other epidemic diseases, measles, typhoid, scarlet-fever, diphtheria, may get hold on us once, and there an end; it is not usual to have any of them twice. We brew in our blood immunity. The poison of the disease evokes in us its proper antidote; our blood-cells make a sort of natural antitoxin and keep it in stock, so that we are henceforth protected against the disease. A well-vaccinated nurse, for example, works with safety in a small-pox hospital, where the very air is infective; but her blood was so changed by vaccination that the small-pox cannot affect her. By scarlet-fever, again, we are as it were vaccinated against scarlet-fever,—the reaction of our blood against the disease immunizes us. No such result follows influenza or a common cold; we brew nothing that is permanent; we are just as susceptible to a later invasion as we were to the invasion that is just over.

Neither is it only our blood that re-

fuses to fight for us; it is also our throats and our noses. Surely they are a most unsatisfactory region of the human body, alike in structure and in action. It would seem that Nature is so proud of our brains that she has neglected the lower half of man's face. Consider our teeth, how ill they last; and our jaws, how they accord not room enough for our teeth; and the interiors of our noses, how they are overcrowded with furniture; and our chins, how they recede. The minority who have square chins and big lower jaws say that we of the receding chins have neither will nor strength of character, which is absurd, as any one may know who remembers that General Wolfe and Mr. Pitt had practically no chins at all, to say nothing of living soldiers and statesmen. To judge a man by his chin is no less foolish than to judge him by the bumps of his skull. Below the line of the eyes, our features tend to be more or less of a failure. Ages ago, man left off pricking his ears, smelling out his friends and foes, and cracking bones with his teeth; and we are the result of that exclusiveness, with our narrow, stuffy air-passages, high-pitched palates, crowded, short-lived teeth, and "sensitive" throats. Some neurologists are so unkind that they call these defects by the hard name of "Stigmata"; let us be agreed to call them stigmata of human refinement, but nothing worse than that. And that is bad enough. Our throats and our noses are neither well made nor well-behaved. They are always in trouble, always vulnerable, and below the mark. In the matter of our brains, we are the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals; but in the matter of these mucous membranes and their uses we are inferior creatures. Nor can we hope that civilization will improve this part of us. It is all very well to say that we move upward, working out the ape. We have im-

proved on the ape's brain, but not on its teeth and its air-passages; nor on the fine sharpness of its sense of smell. As in point of structure, so in point of action, our throats and our noses may fairly be called vestigial organs; and in the course of the ages they will tend not to regeneration, but to more evident decadence.

For these reasons, we cannot look forward to any chance of abolishing colds and influenza as we have abolished in this island plague, cholera, typhus, small-pox, and rabies; we cannot start a campaign such as the men of science are now conducting against malaria, yellow-fever, and sleeping sickness; nor can we call the whole nation to arms as it is now being called out and mobilized against tuberculosis. Happily there is no imperative necessity that we should thus divert money that is more urgently needed against worse evils. We may be content for the present, each of us, to look after himself or herself.

Of the old ways of treating a cold, all are of some use and comfort, and none have a specific effect. The treatment of influenza, which is perhaps a separate disease with separate by-products, must include careful rest and watchfulness till the defensive cells of the blood have dealt with these by-products and got rid of them. To prevent a cold, or to stop a cold, there are many recipes, mostly of uncertain value. And they who say that they can "feel a cold coming on" might as well talk of feeling a broken leg coming on. To feel a cold coming on is to feel that a cold has come on. Colds, like other infective diseases, are the work of germs; and you can give colds to rabbits by spraying their nostrils with the proper germs of a cold. Of the germs of influenza and of colds there are four kinds, and may be more, and they are called at present Pfeiffer's bacillus, *micrococcus catarrhalis*, *bacillus colyzae segmentosus*, and

Friedlander's bacillus. Let the men of science decide what may be the degrees of kinship among so many, and what may be the chances of alliance, inter-marriage, or internecine strife. We must take our germs as we find them; and on the known qualities of these germs the men of science have based a new treatment of colds in the head. Say that the *micrococcus catarrhalis* has got hold of you. It brews in you a mild poison which makes you feel feverish, headachy, and wretched. Your blood reacts against this poison and brews its own antidote, or antitoxin, whereby the micrococcus is discouraged, and you get well. The new treatment is to increase and hasten your brew of antitoxin. For this purpose you are dosed, through a hypodermic needle, with a pure culture of the germ. It is killed by heating before it is used; it retains, though it is dead, its chemical properties; it is still able to make your blood react. No live germs are put into you; the whole affair is a chemical stimulation of your blood-cells by the use of a measured dose of dead germs.

This way of treatment is of course used, *mutatis mutandis*, against many diseases,—against tuberculosis, and against boils. The patient's own germs may be used. Say that you suffer from boils; the particular strain of germs which you are harboring is taken and grown in a test-tube in pure culture, is then killed by heating, and is then used to incite your sluggish blood

The Spectator.

to brew more antitoxin, and make short work of the living germs. Only, we seem unable to keep in store in our blood that particular brew which acts on the germs of influenza and of colds. We are back in a few months where we were before, at their mercy. Still, some of us may be more conservative than others; and even if this immunity thus produced would last from November to April, we should be content with that. Here, at any rate, is a treatment safe, thoroughly scientific, and of good promise. It is, moreover, in fair accord with facts proved beyond all opportunity of doubt, alike by experiment and by experience, in the successful treatment of other diseases. We are come a long way, from the old remedies for a cold, to this hypodermic administration of a dose of the germs that bit you. Those of us who prefer to stand on the old paths may still console themselves with the joys of a day's idleness, release from social behavior, a hot bath, a hot drink, and a ten hours' sleep. Those of us who love to try the latest results of science may add artificial immunity to their resources against a cold. They will snatch a fearful joy from it; and there is plenty of evidence that it may do them good. Of Mezentius, who occurs in the *Æneid*, it is said that he used to join the dead to the living,—*Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis*: it would be a good motto for this bacteriological treatment of a cold.

NAPOLEON AT WORK.

When I am in any doubt or difficulty I say to myself, "What would *Napoleon* have done?" The answer generally comes at once: "He would have borrowed from Henry," or "He would have said his aunt was ill"—the one ob-

viously right and proper thing. Then I weigh in and do it.

"What station's this?" said Beatrice, as the train began to slow up. "Baby and I want to get home."

"Whitcroft, I expect," said John,

who was reading the paper. "Only four more."

"It's grown since we were here last," I observed. "Getting quite a big place."

"Good; then we're at Hillstead. Only three more stations. Hooray!"

I looked out of the window, and had a sudden suspicion.

"Where have I heard the name Byres before?" I murmured thoughtfully.

"You haven't," said John. "Nobody has."

"Say 'Byres,' baby," urged Beatrice happily.

"You're quite sure that there isn't anything advertised called 'Byres'? You're sure you can't drink Byres or rub yourself down with Byres?"

"Quite."

"Well, then, we must be at Byres."

There was a shriek from Beatrice, as she rushed to the window.

"We're in the wrong train—Quick! Get the bags!—Have you got the rug?—Where's the umbrella?—Open the window, stupid!"

I got up and moved her from the door.

"Leave this to me," I said calmly. "Porter! —porter!! —PORTER!!!—Oh, guard, what station's this?"

"Byres, Sir."

"Byres?"

"Yes, Sir." He blew his whistle and the train went on again.

"At any rate we know now that it *was* Byres," I remarked, when the silence began to get oppressive.

"It's all very well for you," Beatrice burst out indignantly, "but you don't think about Baby. We don't know a bit where we are—"

"That's the one thing we do know," I said. "We're at this little Byres place."

"It was the porter's fault at Liverpool Street," said John consolingly. "He told us it was a through carriage."

"I don't care whose fault it was: I'm only thinking of Baby."

"What time do babies go to bed as a rule?"

"This one goes at six."

"Well, then, she's got another hour. Now, what would *Napoleon* have done?"

"*Napoleon*," said John, after careful thought, "would have turned all your clothes out of your bag, would have put the baby in it diagonally, and have bored holes in the top for ventilation. That's as good as going to bed—you avoid the worst of the evening mists. And people would only think you kept caterpillars."

Beatrice looked at him coldly.

"That's a way to talk of your daughter," she said in scorn.

"Don't kill him," I begged. "We may want him. Now I've got another idea. If you look out of the window you observe that we are on a *single* line."

"Well, I envy it. And, however single it is, we're going away from home in it."

"True. But the point is that no train can come back on it until we've stopped going forward. So, you see, there's no object in getting out of this train until it has finished for the day, as it were. Probably it will go back itself before long, out of sheer boredom. And it's much better waiting here than on a draughty Byres platform."

Beatrice, quite seeing the point, changed the subject.

"There's my trunk will go on to Brookfield, and the wagonette will meet the train, and as we aren't there it will go away without the trunk, and all baby's things are in it."

"She's not complaining," I said. "She's just mentioning it."

"Look here," said John reproachfully, "we're doing all we can. We're both thinking like anything." He picked up his paper again.

I was beginning to get annoyed. It

was, of course, no good to get as anxious and excited at Beatrice; that wouldn't help matters at all. On the other hand, the entire indifference of John and the baby was equally out of place. It seemed to me that there was a middle and Napoleonic path in between these two extremes which only I was following. To be convinced that one is the only person doing the right thing is always annoying.

"I've just made another discovery," I said in a hurt voice. "There's a map over John's head, if he'd only had the sense to look there before. There we are," and I pointed with my stick; "there's Byres. The line goes round and round and eventually goes through Dearmer. We get out at Dearmer, and we're only three miles from Brookfield."

"What they call a loop line," assisted John, "because it's in the shape of a loop."

"It's not so bad as it might be," admitted Beatrice grudgingly, after studying the map, "but it's five miles home from Dearmer; and what about my trunk?"

I sighed and pulled out a pencil.

"It's very simple. We write a telegram: 'Stationmaster, Brookfield. Send wagonette and trunk to wait for us at Dearmer station.'"

"Love to mother and the children," added John.

Our train stopped again. I summoned a porter and gave him the telegram.

"It's so absurdly simple," I repeated, as the train went on. "Just a little presence of mind; that's all."

We got out at Dearmer and gave up our tickets to the porter-station-master-signalman.

"What's this?" he said. "These are no good to me."

"Well, they're no good to us. We've finished with them."

We sat in the waiting-room with him

for half-an-hour and explained the situation. We said that, highly as we thought of Byres, we had not wantonly tried to defraud the company in order to get a sight of the place; and that, so far from owing him three shillings apiece, we were prepared to take a sovereign to say nothing more about it. . . . And still the wagonette didn't come.

"Is there a post-office here?" I asked the man. "Or a horse?"

"There might be a horse at the 'Lion.' There's no post-office."

"Well, I suppose I could wire to Brookfield station from here?"

"Not to Brookfield."

"But supposing you want to tell the station-master there that the train's off the line, or that you've won the first prize at the Flower-show in the vegetable class, how would you do it?"

"Brookfield's not on this line. That's why you've got to pay three shill—"

"Yes, yes. You said all that. Then I shall go and explore the village."

I explored, as *Napoleon* would have done, and I came back with a plan.

"There is no horse," I said to my eager audience; "but I have found a bicycle. The landlady of the 'Lion' will be delighted to look after Beatrice and the baby, and will give her tea; John will stay here with the bags in case the wagonette turns up, and I will ride to Brookfield and summon help."

"That's all right," said John, "only I would suggest that I go to the 'Lion' and have tea, and Beatrice and the child—"

We left him in disgust at his selfishness: I established the ladies at the inn, mounted the bicycle, and rode off. It was a windy day, and I had a long coat and a bowler hat. After an extremely unpleasant two miles something drove past me. I lifted up my head and looked round. It was the wagonette.

I rode back behind it in triumph.

When it turned up the road to the station, I hurried straight on to the "Lion" to prepare Beatrice. I knocked, and peered into rooms, and knocked again, and at last the land-lady came.

"Er—is the lady——"

"Oh, she's gone, Sir, a long time ago. A gentleman she knew drove past, and she asked him to give her a lift home in his trap. She was going to tell the other gentleman, and he'd wait for you."

"Oh, yes. That's all right."

I returned my bicycle to its owner,
Punch.

distributed coppers to his children, and went up to the station. The porter came out to meet me. He seemed surprised.

"The gentleman thought you wouldn't be coming back, Sir, as you didn't come with the wagonette."

"I just went up to the 'Lion'——"

"Yessir. Well, he drove off quarter of an hour ago; said it was no good waiting for you, as you'd ride straight 'ome when you found at Brookfield that the wagonette 'ad come."

And now I ask you—What would Napoleon have said?

A. A. M.

THE PEACE OF THE HARBOR.

There is in the sweet peace of the harbor, after tossing at sea, even if not necessarily *post naufragia*, something symbolic of the calm ending of life's journey. The contemplation of a harbor brings to those who love ocean travel a dual memory; the pleasurable anticipation with which they set out on a voyage, and the wholesome satisfaction, not untinged with vague regret, as of something accomplished, when the voyage is over. There are sounds inseparable from all harbors, and when the eye calls up the picture of some busy port, aided perchance by the faded leaves of an old diary, the ear must needs be filled with the accompaniment of creaking cordage, rattling chains, mewing gulls, and the harsh orders issued, with polyglot obscenities, to motley crews. Yet, for all their common significance, every harbor has a character of its own; and roaming over a merely Mediterranean retrospect, from one end to the other of the first sea ever navigated, memory recalls Marseilles dominated by Notre Dame de la Garde, Genoa with its statue on the hilltop, the mole that shelters Leghorn, the volcano smoking over Naples,

the Byzantine church of Trieste, the shady wine quays of Flume, the guardian hills of Piræus, the white tower of Salonica, the spacious quays of Smyrna, and snow-topped Lebanon overlooking the muddy streets of Beyrout.

The traveller's appreciation of the harbor is in the ratio of the length and nature of the voyage which was its prelude. With a daily port of call, as in the historic land-locked Mediterranean, or among the scented islands of the Caribbean and along the steaming Spanish Main, the sense of security is never sufficiently disturbed during the short intervals of movement to make the peace of the harbor appreciated in fullest measure. As the poet has it:—

Sweet is pleasure after pain,

and those who would taste the full cup of bliss which a haven of refuge can bring to the storm-tossed wanderer should make Colombo after a bad passage from Aden, or Sydney after rolling in the Australian bight, with the full force of the Southern ocean rolling up from the Antarctic on the starboard beam. Then it is that the gay anchor-

age, with its fringe of palms, its merry Singhalese balanced precariously in their fragile catamarans, its noise and color and faint odor of spices—here is the true home of cinnamon—work their irresistible spell on the weary pilgrim who has suffered a week of unfriendly seas and skies which gathered all the winds of heaven to banish his comfort. Then it is that, after the eyes have rested for days on the hostile coast of Australia and the ears have been filled with the boom of the combers breaking against granite cliffs, there is joy and thanksgiving in his heart when at length the majestic liner glides between the frowning heads amid the sweet restfulness of Sydney Harbor, a generous anchorage which, if somewhat overpraised by those who dwell upon its green and indented shores, is yet among the loveliest on earth. Every prize is the sweeter for the winning, and though I would not, after having lived six sunny months in view of it, belittle the claim of Sydney Harbor to rank among the first half-dozen anchorages in the world, it may be that a little of its vaunted charm is due to the strenuous conditions under which, save when, on rare occasions, the Pacific justifies the name by which Magalhaens somewhat hastily called it, its sanctuary must be won. Indeed, in all the traveller's memories of sudden change from grave to gay, in all the seafarer's glad experience of calm after storm, it may be doubted whether any contrast is more striking, any transformation more welcome, than the passing of Sydney Heads with a gale astern. As the steamer, keeping to the deep channel, passes bay after bay and doubles headland after headland and wins at last to her moorings at the Circular Quay, those who crowd the decks—homesick Australians or hopeful exiles from the played-out countries further north—realize, as perhaps they never realized before, the full

meaning of coming safely to port. Such sensations however are a question of perspective, and I have felt the same relief when running at night into some little Cornish harbor. Once within the piers, the lugger, which on the way in from the fishing-grounds had been washed fore and aft by angry seas, rights herself and glides to rest, her red wings folded for the night, among a fleet of which the whole muster is berthed in a port that would not accommodate a single Cunarder, and that at spring tides runs so nearly dry that the scavenging gulls, which cannot dive, are able to pick every pilchard out of its ooze.

There is another contrast which, even more perhaps than a long voyage in a great liner, serves to awaken gratitude for the peace of the harbor, and that is the discomfort of rolling in open roadsteads. This may be experienced in a week of winter on a passage of the Black Sea from the Bosphorus to Batoum, the one and only harbor on the southern shore of the Euxine. It cannot be said that Batoum wears a very gay aspect nowadays. It is in fact a little suggestive of Salem in Hawthorne's memorable sketch of that moribund port, for the abortive uprising of the Caucasus against the might of Russia played havoc with the oil trade, and tankers, which of yore plied merrily through the Suez Canal on their way to the East, now rust alongside deserted quays. Yet, looking larger perhaps in its emptiness, Batoum seems a magnificent harbor to those who have lain at anchor off Trebizond and Samsoun. The Euxine is not a pleasant sea to anchor in, and the steamers of the Messageries Maritimes must sometimes lie at anchor off these ports, all but rolling their engines out, for days together, without any hope of loading a single case of eggs, for there is no such convenience as a tug, and the unwieldy lighters, a prehistoric type of shore-

boat, cannot be handled in a heavy sea. Then it is that Batoum holds out its arms to welcome the weary, and although the town offers little enough distraction, and the stay in port does not admit of taking train for the more attractive city of Tiflis which lies beyond the mountains, officers and crew alike are glad of the short respite within its gates.

It is perhaps at night that the ineffable peace of the harbor makes itself felt most soothingly, for it is certainly the darkness which magnifies the terrors of a storm at sea. Kingsley was forcibly impressed by the falling of night on the harbors of the West Indies, "the line of bright mist over a swamp, with the coco-palms standing up through it, dark, and yet glistening in the moon." And Eden Phillpotts did nothing better in his *Lying Prophets* than the picture of moonlight in a West Country port, when "the returning luggers crept homewards like inky silhouettes on a background of dull silver. . . . Now and then a bell rang in the harbor, and lights leapt here and there, mingling red snakes and streamers of fire with the white moonbeams where they lay on still water."

The majority of great harbors are mighty efforts of the engineer—areas of peace and safety won from the open sea with the aid of piers and groynes. Save where Nature provides an estuary amid other favorable conditions, as those of the Mersey, Clyde, Hudson, and Elbe, the harbor is necessarily artificial. The most perfectly natural harbor that I know, with neither estuary nor engineering, is that of Constantinople, where, in the Golden Horn, a lovely backwater of the Sea of Marmora, whole fleets might ride at their anchors without damaging their paint. It is twice bridged, and the outer, and older, of its footways is daily trodden

The Outlook.

by the most varied assortment of humanity ever collected together since the trouble at Babel. In such a seething press the eye can see little more than a bobbing sea of head-gear; but that is puzzling enough, with its medley of turbans, fezes, astrakhan caps, the saucy bonnet of the Albanians, the yellow hats of the dervishes, the green badge of the Tripoli Arabs, the biretta of Latin priests, the high hat of Greek prelates, and everywhere the close-drawn vells of Moslem women, with a hundred other patterns for protecting the head against the fierce suns or bitter snows of that climate. The scene on the water is attractive in the extreme. Within the bridges is a perfect forest of masts, displaying the lateen rig in undress, and a busy fish-market where the tax-collector has to use all his art that wily Levantines may not cheat the Ottoman Customs of their dues. Without, are the steamers of a dozen nations, either alongside the teeming quays of Galata or lying out in mid-stream—it is difficult to dissociate the Bosphorus from the impression of a salt-water river—and discharging their freight of spellbound tourists or of wares from Hamburg and Liverpool, while a thousand caïques, rowed sturdily by reformed Lazes, erstwhile the most redoubtable pirates in the Black Sea, flash between the heavier craft and the busy quays. It is not perhaps wholly accurate to conjure up the spirit of peace in the Golden Horn, since, save when shrouded in a snowstorm, it is invariably a many-hued pandemonium, dazzling to the eye and deafening to the ear. Nor is the passage of either the Bosphorus or Dardanelles, both of them land-locked approaches, adequate preparation for the boon of its still water. Yet it remains for all time perhaps the most fascinating harbor in the world.

F. G. Aflalo.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Indian barbarities and studies of cruel suffering from cold are the staple of the seven tales in Mr. Jack London's "Lost Face," but their craftsmanship is good. "Lost Face" illustrates Mr. London's idea of humor, the point lying in beheading a man, but horrible as it is it is well written and is even made credible, and the same might be said of "The Wit of Porportuk." Mr. London is no sentimentalist as to the Indian, but he has no prejudice against him. There is no exaggeration in his descriptions, but they repel and sometimes disgust, as they must if truthful. Consequently he who objects to being disgusted should read something less true to life. The Macmillan Company.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American publishers of a complete edition of "The Works of Sir John Suckling," including his poems, plays and letters and his singular discourse upon "Religion by Reason." The editor, Mr. A. Hamilton Thompson, has been at the pains to compare the original editions of 1646, 1648 and 1658; and he furnishes an introduction briefly but adequately describing and characterizing Suckling's literary and political career, and adds some extremely serviceable and illuminating notes. Altogether this is likely to remain the definitive edition of Suckling's works. Not the least of its attractions is that it is not too pretentious and not too cumbersome for easy reading.

Dr. George M. Gould of Ithaca, New York, who has done more than any other writer or specialist to expound and illustrate the theory that eyestrain is the source of a large proportion of the pains and ailments of mankind, publishes through P. Blakiston's

Son & Co. a sixth and final volume of "Biographic Clinics" devoted to this subject, and containing numerous fresh illustrations of the truth of the author's theory. Jonathan Swift is the first example cited: all the others are contemporary. Dr. Gould has made extended and practical observations in this field; he writes with a clearness and pungency which make his books easy reading even to the unprofessional; and he has devoted time and labor for years to this propaganda with an unselfishness and energy which are truly admirable.

"The Religions of Eastern Asia," by the Rev. Dr. Horace Grant Underwood, is composed of the lectures delivered last year before New York University on the Charles F. Deems foundation, and they treat not only of Korea, the author's chosen field, but also of China and Japan, and include discourses on Taoism, Shintoism, Shamanism, Confucianism and Buddhism, and a final lecture summarizing the others, and comparing the beliefs described with the religion of the Old and New Testaments. Works on each of the three countries are many, but few originally written in English define and describe the religions of all three, and the final chapter of comparison for the sake of which all the others were written, is such a paper as many a puzzled layman has desired while contemplating the plausibilities of those who would persuade him that Christianity is borrowed from inferior faiths and originated almost anywhere but in Bethlehem. Dr. Underwood, having tested the religions of Eastern Asia both by their creeds and by their works, can and does supply such an inquirer with answers to many questions. Further, his

statements in regard to Japanese morality are highly important. Dr. Underwood hastened back to Korea as soon as his course of lectures was completed, leaving his book to be seen through the press and indexed by Mr. George W. Gilmore, but he left the New York University and his country the richer for a valuable work. The Macmillan Company.

The groundwork of Mr. Clarence E. Mulford's "Hopalong Cassidy" is a struggle between cattlemen and cattle thieves and upon it is embroidered a love affair conducted chiefly on horseback and in the presence of great herds and not a few cowboys. The assassinations, effected and attempted, the prolonged and savage fights, the perfect lawlessness prevailing are represented as occurring in and near one of the worst towns of the semi-arid southwest, and are not exaggerated beyond actuality, although sometimes nothing less than horrible. But the author is careful to warn the reader against supposing them invariable, and such virtue as the state of society permits is large in proportion to the viciousness. As a means of amusement the tale is adapted to the masculine taste rather than to the feminine, for the heroine is a diamond in the rough, and the author's phraseology belongs to the ranch. The book reached its second edition before the first was published, which shows what the book-sellers expected from a story by the author of "Bar 20." A. C. McClurg & Co.

Mr. John R. Spears's "The Story of the American Merchant Marine" appears more than seven years after the publication of Mr. Winthrop Lippit Marvin's "The American Merchant Marine" with its final declaration that "the same indomitable spirit which wrought our railway system . . .

and is now driving the surplus output of our industries into all the markets of the world, can win supremacy for the United States, just as soon as it learns that it is worth while to make the endeavor." The endeavor has not yet been made, and Mr. Spears's book closes with "We shall never again see the Stars and Stripes triumphant upon the high seas until the American environment evolves once more, by natural process, the nautical unit as efficient for the modern day as was our ship of the sail in the days long past;" and his remarks on an American fleet with its colliers under foreign flags and American behavior in the matter of adopting the turbine, and American need of swift steamers in Asiatic waters are sufficient evidence that he sees small chance that such evolution will be encouraged. But although the book ends despondently, Mr. Spears takes pleasure in the gallant chronicle of the early days, and writes of it with his customary clearness and appreciation for the picturesque, and if the closing chapters be mortifying to American pride, it is because they could not be otherwise and be truthful. The real history of the merchant marine, the chapters dealing with the period when such an entity really existed should arouse the younger readers to the determination to discover what is that serviceable unit for, which American trade waits and watches. The book is written for adults but it will delight any manly boy and will train him to take his part in the struggle for new ships when the struggle comes. The Macmillan Company.

The most hopeful symptom of the present feverish agitation for the abolition of consumption is that its advocates do not pretend that it costs nothing; indeed, the investment required is so considerable that a patient has a right to complain if no good result en-

sue. "The Conquest of Consumption," Dr. Wood Hutchinson's little book, must be called sensible rather than agreeable, for its author belongs to that class of practitioners in which assured knowledge obscures and sometimes seems to banish tact, and he so insists upon the correctness of his system of treatment that a patient with an ounce of perversity in his nature would be tempted to break all his rules, and risk the consequences. This defect will not of course influence a sensible man, but sensible men are as rare as the Christians known to Davie Deans. The fresh air element in the cure of consumption has been so widely advertised that its features are well known, and both in the suburbs and in the "real country" one's wanderings are punctuated by visions of sleeping arrangements presupposing utopian courtesy and lack of observation in the neighbors of their owner; but the scale of diet supposed to be curative has not been so frequently published. Briefly, it amounts to taking at least three times the amount of food commonly absorbed and to using the most expensive articles. Five dozen eggs a week is a specimen item. Yet, be it repeated, the very costliness of the cure recommended is good evidence of the sincerity of its advocates, and also of its value, and Dr. Hutchinson's book should be attentively scanned by those interested in consumption, and, as the author is careful to insist, as long as one case of consumption remains the entire human race is interested. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Let me write their novels," might be the wish of Fletcher of Saltoun were he writing of the United States in this age, when, between ragtime and "Salome," a song has no more influence than a defeated politician. Since "A Fool's Errand" showed the sensitiveness of the popular mind to stories

of political and social affairs in the south, they have abounded and Mr. Warrington Dawson's "The Scar" is the work of a writer belonging to a generation which has matured since Judge Tourgee's time. It takes no account of the feelings of the slave holder, the state-rights man, the secessionist, but concerns itself with gentlefolk striving to sustain life in honest respectability, no matter by what repugnant and arduous toll, and almost oblivious of any earlier state of existence. Among them comes a self-centred girl from New York, a willing exile from the city in which she has ignorantly made herself amenable to punishment by financial mismanagement, and the conflict between her nature and the local spirit is the real story. Beside it runs the life of the black population, its individuals so varied that no generalization can include the types between those incarnations of unselfish devotion and of utterly animal indifference to everything not purely physical, and on a plane by itself goes on the life of the ignorant and mercenary white man, the mongrel seeking to build his fortune on the necessity of his betters. This triple current is so skillfully conducted that consciousness of each is steadily maintained, producing a most poignant impression, and yet each individual is sharply distinguished. But nowhere is there a trace of effort to produce an effect. The author's ideal of fiction was evidently shaped before he encountered either the ugliness of "realism" or the amorphous repulsiveness of new art. That he is the son of a Charleston editor, one of the men who shaped the New South, because they loved and cherished the old, partly explains the book; that he has lived in a foreign capital until his vision was cleared of prejudice completes the explanation. "The Scar" is both a good story and an important fragment of history. Small, Maynard & Co.